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THOUGHTS ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AGE.

ONCE the glories of the ancient world, of Greece and Rome, were upon every tongue. Their orators and poets, their philosophers and statesmen, were admired, and their deeds lauded to the skies. The writings of the ancients were placed before the student, to be read, praised and imitated. That which antiquity encircled within its arms, which had withstood the storms and tempests of ages, and had gained for itself the admiration and love of the good, the great, and the noble, was regarded as sacred—removed from the field of discussion and strife. To the decision of the past the appeal was made with unwavering confidence and proud triumph; for in that age of prescription and authority, society, instead of being progressive, continually advancing towards perfection, was looked upon as retrograding, receding farther and farther from that high state of improvement, which men of days far gone had attained. Works were even written to prove that the erudition of the moderns was not completely and utterly hopeless—that, dark and gloomy as their state was, the darkness was not total, entire—a few rays still forced their way through the dense and vaporous atmosphere, illuminating dimly and darkly the pathway of improvement, of glory, and high renown. And even Milton, that immortal bard,

‘Who used on earth a seraph’s lyre,
Whose numbers wandered through eternity’—

even Milton trembled, when he thought of the coldness of the climate, and remembered how far removed his age was from those halcyon days of yore, when great men lived and wrote. The works of Homer, that ‘sun without a dawn,’ as James Douglass beautifully calls him, were then not read merely as a schoolboy’s task, to be thrown by and neglected. The great storehouse of ancient wisdom was then not examined merely as to its external appearance, but it was entered,—its interior structure was thoroughly investigated, and its deep and exhaustless wealth fully explored.

But how great, how striking the change! What a mighty ocean not only of time, but of feeling, of thought and action, rolls between the day of Milton, and our own proud and boasted age! Who now would even dream

of the men of the present age being inferior to the ancients? Who, would he be deemed in his senses, would dare to intimate that the condition of society was retrograde? In this age of *improvement*, *this age of wonders*, revolutions, and theories, *the past*, if it is not looked upon with disdain, is regarded as a time when ‘darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people;’ when error and ignorance every where prevailed—when superstition, dark and gloomy, extended its blighting influence over the energies of the human race, cramping the faculties of the heaven-born mind, preventing the developement of its resources, and leading it blindfold at its will. The past—how little did the ancients, those of later days, and even our own ancestors of a few generations back, know in comparison with the *enlightened mortals* of the present age? Now ‘the schoolmaster is abroad’ in the land—now the intellect is looming up from the fogs and mists in which it has been so long enveloped—*reason* (?) now is on the throne—fancy on the wing—light is penetrating every dark and sunless corner of the earth—superstition’s strong holds are heaving from their dark foundations, and despotism is tottering to its fall! Now—what heart does not kindle, what mind does not expand, as it contemplates the glorious prospect? Who can compare the ancients with the moderns? Who can have a *heart* to speak of the backward progress of society?

For one, I would by no means undervalue the improvement of the present age, or speak lightly of the prospects for the future. I would by no means throw society back into the state in which centuries ago found it, or exchange the present for the past. Yet while I see much to praise and admire in the improvements, the spirit, and the efforts of the present day, I also see much to blame and regret. I look abroad upon the landscape spread out before me, and while I behold many green and verdant spots, much to draw the eye and rivet the attention, I also discern here and there much to disfigure the fair surface and weaken the beauty of the prospect—many a foul and noxious plant, poisoning and polluting the atmosphere, many a Bohan Upas, scattering a baleful, deadly influence upon all things around.

I admire the enterprising spirit of the present day, leading on to great and daring undertakings. I love to see men knock off the shackles of ignorance and fear, and press forward in enterprises demanding all the energies of the soul to be called forth and put into action to ensure success. But I would have these enterprises noble and worthy of the utmost exertions of the immortal mind. I would have the love of knowledge and true Christian benevolence, instead of the love of wealth, or the desire of power, be the great and commanding motives to action. I would not have the mind, with all its vast resources and far-reaching powers, chained to the car of Mammon or dragged along by resistless ambition.

The principles of voluntary association forms one of the grand and distinguishing features of the present age. The power of the engine which is thus brought to bear upon society, though it may perhaps have been overrated, is great and mighty. By its means a few individuals of commanding talents, provided their object is such as the public mind may by degrees be brought to favor, may prepare the way for enterprises which would defy all

the power of the most absolute monarch to accomplish ; undertakings, the effects shall be great beyond conception.

These associations form a focal point to which individual power and influence, dispersed and scattered throughout society, converge. Here talents, wisdom, and strength are concentrated. Men are made to act in unison. They are no longer mere isolated beings ; their thoughts, their feelings, their desires, and their efforts all flow in one channel. Men no longer go blindfold into battle—no longer contend alone and single-handed ; but they are brought together and united in a firm and solid phalanx, having all the concert, the harmony of action, the unity of purpose characteristic of a well disciplined army. The mere act of uniting together for any object, raises the individuals composing the union, from a state of weakness and incapacity to one of energy and power. For even the coward will be valiant in company.

The road to success thus becomes comparatively easy. Obstacles and difficulties, before deemed insurmountable, vanish as if by the touch of magic ; fortresses, which individual effort might assail and batter for ages without success, quickly fall before the united attacks of a host.

Voluntary associations have been represented by an able writer, as ‘a mighty machinery provided for the exigencies of the world.’ That they are mighty, though simple, ‘machinery,’ no one, who has an eye to see, or an ear to hear, can for a moment doubt. They form an engine, the most powerful perhaps, with the exception of that of religion, whose Author ‘was not of this world,’ ever brought to bear upon the destinies of society. And when voluntary associations and the Christian religion go hand in hand without any jarring or discord, what glorious results may not be anticipated ? But the principle of associations not only lends its assistance to the cause of humanity, the cause of God, but it becomes also an auxiliary to vice, an ally of the infernal world. These societies also, as it seems to me, exert an injurious tendency upon individual character. A few individuals of powerful and capacious minds, and commanding talents, direct the movements of the whole body—they think and plan, and the great mass hardly even execute. Their object may be a good and noble one, and such as would commend itself to the reason and judgment of every individual, yet it is the few only who enter into and examine the subject in all its parts, look at it in all its various bearings, and investigate all the contingent influences and results ; while the multitude too often merely listen and obey. Men, who would otherwise think, reason, and judge for themselves, become in a great measure dependent upon the opinions and judgments of others. They throw away all independence of mind, and too often become mere machines, living automatons ; instead of thinking, they bond out their powers of thought to others. Every thing emanating from the thinking, acting men of these associations, the great mass take for granted. The *ipse dixit* of the President or Executive Committee is received with the deepest reverence and submission. Ask one of these moving machines for the reasons on which his course of action is based, and he points to the *mandates and instructions of his Pope*, and cries *infallible*. Deny the authority of *these mandates*, or the correctness of their views and principles, and you ‘touch the apple of his eye.’

This leads me to remark upon the spirit of intolerance so prevalent in the community. This habit of relying upon the opinions of the few, of building our faith upon another man's foundation, and taking the unexamined sentiments of those with whom we associate as 'the sure word of prophecy,' is, as it seems to me, a most fruitful source of disingenuousness and want of candor; for did men think and examine for themselves, they would see and feel the impossibility of all men viewing the same object alike. Men of fairness and candor are extremely rare. No matter how conscientious you may be in your own opinions, no matter how honest and upright you may be in all your conduct, if your wishes do not accord with those held by the society in which you move, you will soon be a *marked man*—your opinions will be misrepresented and held up to ridicule, and well will it be if you escape from the fiery ordeal unscathed in character and reputation. Is this a correct representation of facts? Who, in regard to the great questions now agitating the public mind, dares on all occasions to think for himself, and then openly to express his honest convictions?

In the humble and altogether insignificant opinion of the writer of this article, associations have become very much too common. I love, indeed, to see men of great and vigorous intellect, every where banding together, bringing all the powers of their minds to bear upon the object of pursuit, concentrating all the energies of their souls upon a single point, and pressing forward unitedly in their generous, noble, and sublime undertakings. But who can do otherwise than laugh, at witnessing the parade, the excitement, and the exertions made in order to secure some unimportant, or at least minor object? It is the mountain laboring, and bringing forth a mouse—it is 'the raising of a tempest to drown a fly'—the convulsions of a volcano, and the bursting forth of a capful of smoke, the throes of an earthquake and the swallowing up of a frog-pond. Every thing is now done by societies. No matter how trifling or insignificant the object may be, or though good, how far removed from all action of this nature, yet societies must be formed, and influence and exertions must rave and foam through their channels. Yes—no object can now be accomplished, but through the instrumentality of associations. Individual and private effort is counted as the idle wind. A single and isolated man must be blessed with 'an hundred tongues and iron lungs,' and the roar of Niagara, if he would be heard and produce an impression; but let him form a society, and thus have an *echo*, and though he 'roar as gently as a sucking dove,' his voice will be heard, his opinions will be adopted, and volunteers from all quarters will come rushing to his standard.

Such are some of the evils resulting from associations. But still they should by no means be discarded. Restriction and regulation, and not proscription and banishment are demanded; for when we look at the immense amount of good, which *well organized* and *well regulated* societies have produced and are still capable of producing, we cannot but hail them as harbingers of great things to come.

We of the present day imagine that we are about *perfect*—a few more steps, a few more struggles, and we are at the very top of the hill. We look back to the past with pity, or contempt. The Homers, the Platos, the

Aristotles, the Ciceros—poor, poor men—they knew nothing of the tremendous power of steam! And ignorant of this, alas! what did they know? We point with exultation to our institutions, our improvement, our spirit, and ask, what did the ancients know of the high-pressure, the go-ahead principle? And the future—what more can the future do? Improve a little, it may, but it cannot invent. But alas! perfection, though we may fancy it almost within our grasp, is yet far, far ahead.

Education is indeed no longer confined to the halls of the rich and noble—‘philosophy is brought down to earth.’ The almost insurmountable barriers which have surrounded the Pierian spring, are thrown down, and now all who thirst for knowledge, all who will come, may come, and none may hinder. Bibles and tracts are now scattered upon almost every wind that blows—light is pouring in upon the dark and benighted regions of the earth, and the reign of ignorance and superstition to many appears short. Yes—and error, too, is sweeping over the land—infidelity is extending its withering, blighting influence, poisoning the very breath of heaven. Efforts, vigorous and unceasing, are not only being made for extending the principles of morality and virtue, for enlightening and purifying the minds of the great mass of the people, spreading out before them the benefits of education, and inspiring them with desires, strong and ardent, for advancement in knowledge, refinement, and every thing which adorns human nature; but efforts, equally ceaseless and untiring, perhaps, are called forth in the cause of the lower world. Principles are preached, doctrines inculcated, which, if true, would despoil nature of all its loveliness and beauty, clothe the heavens in the garb of mourning, and dethrone the great I AM—principles, which would make man the mere creature of chance, or the bond-slave of fatality—which would strip the mind of all its glory, and make ‘death an eternal sleep.’

The press, a fountain from which should issue streams whose waters should be for the healing of the nations, too often sends forth its waters of death—too often lends itself to the tyrant or the demagogue, too often becomes the pander to vice and iniquity—too often feeds the mind with that which is not bread—mere trash—chaff only—poor food for the heaven-born intellect. What has become of the independence, candor, and truth, which should characterize the vehicles of daily thought and communication? How few of these winged messengers, but what wear the livery of party or the badges of slavery? Newspapers have been and still are a great blessing—we may live—have we not lived, to see many, too many of them become a curse? This has been styled a *reading age*: but if we may judge from the description of writing which is in the greatest demand, from those works which are read, puffed, and admired, can we hesitate in pronouncing the literary taste of the age fallen and corrupt? Sound sense, strong argument, a style regular, finished, and elegant, thoughts, to grasp which all the powers of the mind are demanded, are to a great degree unfashionable—odious. The dish now must be highly seasoned to please the fastidious palate. No matter what its composition, provided only it is well spiced with far-fetched thoughts, high-wrought expressions, thrilling scenes, and ‘accidents by field

and flood.' Look at a good part of the literature, if not of the present day, at least of the present age, and will you not think of

'Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owllet's wing.'

These, then, form *the charm*.

'Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.'

But a brighter day, we hope, has already begun to dawn. The high-wrought and extravagant is giving place to the polished and natural. May not the dawn, so auspicious, be overclouded.

Theories are springing up on every hand—new systems of philosophy abound,—loaded with tinsel and frippery, they catch the attention, attract admirers, and are trumpeted forth as perfect, infallible. They live and flourish their short hour and then 'vanish as the baseless fabrics of a vision, and leave but their wreck behind.'

But after all, the grand and distinguishing feature of this age is that of innovation. Every thing must be remodelled and rebuilt. Every institution around which antiquity clusters with all its charms and associations, must be thoroughly modernized. Nothing can escape the scrutiny of this Vandal spirit; it regards nothing as sacred—will brook no opposition. It is a spirit essentially disorganizing, and which, if allowed full sway, if carried out to its full extent, would reduce society to its primeval elements, cast government to the winds of heaven, and write artifice, fraud and hypocrisy upon the noblest, purest acts of legislation—a spirit which, professing to be based on high, correct, and benevolent principles, would ride in haughty triumph, in bitter mockery over the loveliest forms of virtue, the purest, holiest teachings of Him who 'conquered when he fell,' and the very spirit of whose doctrines is mildness, forbearance, and love. It is the spirit which fired the zeal of the French Jacobins, which animated the breast of a Robespierre and a Danton, and which, grasping the noble principle of 'equal rights' in one hand, and the sword in the other, placed itself above all law, all government, and all power, sacrificing the best and noblest sons of France on the altar which it had reared to the Goddess of Liberty, *the Guillotine*. It is but this spirit Americanized. Weak it may be, as yet, a veil may be thrown over its ugliest features, and its real deformity to a great degree concealed; but still the spirit is here; like the leaven it is at work, and soon the whole mass may be leavened—strong and powerful, the mask will be thrown aside, the veil cast away, and its dark, true features will be seen as they are.

All classes of society are infected. The good and the pure-hearted, as well as the selfish and the base have succumbed to its influence. Its manifestations are indeed different—in one they are checked and controlled by the principles of virtue, while in the other they are darkened by the promptings of self-interest and vice. Witness the reckless measures of the over-heated reformer, and the law-trampling violence of the mob. Let the good, the high-minded, and the patriotic beware how they cherish and foster this spirit, for unwittingly they are putting weapons into the hands of those, who will wield them against the dearest interests of society, batter down the

strong holds of virtue, set all law at defiance, and perchance enact the bloody drama of France on the theatre of our own country. Are these fears unwarranted—groundless? Are they but the products of an over-heated imagination, the forebodings of a prolific, old-womanish fancy? Would that they were. But look around, observe the feelings which are laying fast hold of the minds of the people, mark the spirit which is brooding over the abyss of waters, and then say that there is no cause for apprehension—no danger. In what thunder-tones of warning does ill-fated France address us! Would that we might listen to the voice of the past!

'For it hath mighty lessons ! from the tomb,
And from the ruins of the tomb, and where,
Midst the wicked cities in the desert's gloom,
All tameless creatures make their savage lair,
Thence comes its voice that shakes the midnight air.'

But the torrent is rushing onward—its turbid, angry waters are rising higher and higher, and soon unless its proud waves are staid, it will leap its barriers, and rush in wild, maddening fury over the fair and lovely country, through which it is rolling. A voice from the past rises on the wind. History speaks in fearful language of warning. Shall we hear the voice of the past, shall we listen to the instructions of history? Or will we stop our ears, and behold the sun of our glory going down in darkness and blood? The proud ship is dashing madly through the towering, foaming billows—the beacon-light reveals a rugged, fearful coast—shall we not receive the warning, or will we dash forward into the very jaws of destruction, that the world may look upon a noble wreck? A fearful responsibility rests upon the men of this age. Fixed, settled principles are loosed from their moorings, the very elements of society have ceased to be stable; innovation—reckless, daring innovation, is scattering abroad its withering, scorching influence, leading too often in its train intolerance, malignity, and revenge. To stem this torrent demands men of nerve and intellect, minds of powerful make and far-reaching grasp—men of mildness and forbearance, as well as of moral courage and unshrinking firmness. Will such men—men who will be trammelled by the fetters of *no party* but that of their country and their God—be found?

B. J.

STRAY LEAVES FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.

NUMBER ONE.

STILL GUSH THY TREASURES, LIVING SPRING !

I.

STILL gush thy treasures, living spring !
 Still in the sunlight play
 Thy silvery waters, murmuring
 Along their pleasant way.
 But ah ! how soon in darksome glade,
 Or leafy dell, or woodland shade,
 Thy chequered course is seen ;
 Whence faintly comes thy wonted song,
 As pensively thou steal'st along
 The changed and darkened scene.

II.

Affection's streamlet ! once I deem'd
 Thy waters still would be
 Living and bright as first they seemed,
 As bounding and as free ;
 But like that stream I loved when young,
 Joyful the crystal waters sprung,
 And gaily danced away ;
 But soon dim shadows o'er thee pass'd,
 High rock and tree thy bosom glass'd,
 And twilight on thee lay.

III.

Yet even though hidden in the shade
 Of valley dark and low,
 Rich treasures of the heart are laid
 Where thy deep waters flow.
 Nor would I now thy course should be
 Where zephyrs wanton joyfully,
 O'er gardens of perfume ;
 The diamond's sheen and chrysolite
 Make all thy lonely chambers bright,—
 Thy hidden depths illume.

IV.

Thy rippling surface caught no beam
 Of sunlight pleasantly ;
 'Twas ever but a broken gleam
 Of quivering rays to thee ;

Now, though the rock hangs beetling nigh,
 And tall trees lift their branches high
 About thy gloomy shore,
 Down thy pure crystal depths afar
 Shines many a ray from many a star
 That veiled its light before.

THE MOURNER.

SPEAK to her gently—let thy voice be low,
 And softened even to breathing tenderness,—
 And do not smile—such light will shadows throw
 Too dimly o'er the heart ; and thought will press
 To madness on her brain, if memory springs
 By careless touch back to its gloomy cell,
 O'er which pale Sorrow spreads her shadowy wing
 All droopingly. From grief's long, withering spell
 She hath been free a moment,—win her heart,
 Oh, win it with a gentle word and tone
 From thoughts, which even now are far apart
 From the glad spirits round, all sad and lone.

TO A STREAM.

BEAUTIFUL stream ! Oh, tell me why
 Thou murmurrest all the day ?
 Thy silver breast is a pillow,
 Where the joyous sunbeams play.
 And the stars that burn in the glorious night
 Come down on thy bosom to lie,
 And mingle their rays in thy fountain's gush—
 Then, why dost thou murmur—why ?

 Oh, oft in the twilight I've o'er thee hung,
 And felt that a Naiad's care
 Was feeding thy fount, and her spirit lone
 Tending thee every where—
 And I have called in my gentlest tones
 And woo'd her to come to me,
 But too well she loved thee, pining stream,
 To leave thee a moment free.

Then, beautiful stream ! Oh, tell me why
 Thou murmurrest all the day ?
 Thy silver breast is a pillow,
 Where the joyous sunbeams play ;
 And the stars that beam in the glorious night
 Come down on thy bosom to lie,
 And mingle their rays in the fountain's gush—
 Then, why dost thou murmur—why ?

PHILOSOPHICAL MUSINGS.

V.

TRANSMIGRATION OF EXISTENCE.

THE Oriental doctrine of transmigration is a beautiful emblem of the changes which mark the course of human being. When we trace man through the cycle of life, in his youth and age, his varying circumstances, his changing character and powers, his glory and his degradation, we are led to exclaim,—can this be the same being! It is only when we have ourselves passed through many of these changes, and have become accustomed to see them going on around us, that they cease to excite our wonder. The youth, looking forth upon the world, and seeing the vast scale along which its characters are ranged, and the great distance between the high and the low, and then turning to compare with these his own associates, whom he knows will soon take their places, cannot realize the change, nor conceive what shall so widely sever those whom he sees now so closely allied. But as he himself advances on the stage, and feels the change of his own being, and observes the developement of power and character in those around him, the transmigration gradually loses its strangeness, and ceases to excite attention. But yet it is not the less wonderful.

A human being commences his existence. At first, sensible only to the calls of appetite and instinct, powerless, scarcely conscious of its own being, it drags along in a state of bare existence. Look again, and you see the vivacity and sensitiveness of childhood, alive to all the variety of animal enjoyment, and thrilling briefly, yet strongly, to every breath of passion. Another period changes this animal sensibility for the manlier spirit of thought and independent action. The youth begins to feel that he is becoming a man; he watches earnestly his opening prospects, and often questions with himself what shall be his station on the untried region of active life. He has now assumed a character, either for the better or the worse, a condition of mind and heart, which already influences his own and other's fortunes. Look again, and you see a man on the arena of society, more or less prominent and efficient, absorbed in some pursuit, to which, from choice or the force of circumstances, he has devoted himself. This is the fullness of power and influence, and this is the time, when, if ever, something may be done and if done for the weal or woe of mankind. The final scene shows man in a state of satiety and relaxation. Effort is no longer enjoyment; he ceases to follow so warmly the phantoms of hope, and turns to feast on the memory of the past, ere he pass from the earth. There is yet another change, when he ‘throws off this mortal coil,’ and stands an enfranchised spirit in the presence of his God. This last transformation is removed to the very verge of our vision, and shrouded in deep obscurity. We know little of its character, little of its result; but we do know that it will be important and final. Then the changes in the form and condition of our

being, the transmigrations of the human soul, will end in our full development of character and power, stamped with a hue of the deepest die, and fixed in a condition unchangeable as eternity.

Such is the general course of these changes, and all pass in quick succession upon the whole race of men. But how unlike are they to individuals! Human condition and human character are various as are the tribes of animal existence, through which men are fabled to pass. And as in the fabled transmigrations, the character of the man determined the forms he should assume, so in the real changes of existence, each decides in a measure the rank of his successor. Though exposed to a thousand influences from the circumstances of the material world, the conduct of his fellow beings, and even his own accidental operations, man yet can and does decide upon his own fortunes. The youth makes the man, the man the immortal. Scarcely is the new-born flock poured forth upon the world, when one and another are seen to start off from the rest and assume a form for themselves; and ere long the whole band is scattered among the various ranks of human being. Would we know what any of these youthful spirits will become, we ask what he is now. Is his gaze upward, his pressure onward—his heart strong, and his feet firm? If so, we promise him excellence and happiness. Some will rise to stations of honor and trust; some will be benefactors of their race; whilst others will become the votaries of vice, and many will live out their appointed time in unworthy situations, not thinking or caring to seek better things.

‘The world is all before them where to choose.’

And so it is with manhood and old age. The season of action will give a character to the season of rest. Excellence and usefulness in active life will form a bright and charming landscape for the exhausted laborer to gaze upon in the evening of his day; while the best for which the idle, the base, and the destructive can hope, is the dark stupidity of forgetfulness. The final state of human being will be still more dependant on its predecessors, than they on each other. The divisions of life are not perfectly distinct from each other, nor are they free from accessory circumstances, which modify their mutual influence; but the final state will be a full and pure result of the preceding. **LIFE** will determine **IMMORTALITY**.

E. D. J.

MOUNT HOPE.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

If Hope be here, Oh sylvan mount !
 Reposing on thine emerald breast,—
 Throws light o'er sorrow's sacred fount,—
 And calm the mourner's heart to rest,—

If they, who sleep beneath this sod,
 Made holy by affection's tear,
 Had found a resting-place with God
 Before their ashes slumbered here,—

Ye have not called its name in vain !
 The sweetest, purest, ever given,
 To soothe the life's long hour of pain,
 And lead the spirit up to Heaven !

If Hope be here,—our souls may soar
 With something of immortal fire,—
 If Hope be here,—no earthly shore
 Can bound the heart's untold desire !

It must be so,—ye flowers, that gem
 The hill-side with unnumbered dyes,
 Speaks not, on every fragile stem,
 Some lesson from your starry eyes ?

And ye, God's loftier work, whose tall,
 Gray branches seek heaven's vaulted blue,
 Tree,—flower,—hill,—plain ! great Nature's all !
 Are not your ceaseless voices true ?

Yes,—many a time, beneath the shade,
 That sleeps upon the green hill's breast,
 Where all of earthly hope is laid,
 With youth and beauty here at rest,—

How many a breaking heart shall say,
 Oh, not in vain thy name was given,
 To call its thoughts from earth away,
 And fix its hope,—its all, in Heaven !

THE EMIGRANT.

'Striving to be better, oft we mar what's well.'

'WHAT a chilly morning,' said a friend of mine from the country, whom I met the other morning on the side-walk in front of the Exchange. 'What are we all coming to? At this rate, we might as well be on the coast of Labrador, or turn Laplanders. The frost last night finished my corn; and my potatoes look as though an express had been sent for them to embark for the North Pole by the next iceberg. Bangor, with the whole valley of the Penobscot, is not worth what Smith gave for a few choice timber lots near Mount Katahdin. I'm for the West; Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Arkansas, or even the farther off Wisconsin,—any where on earth, rather than the frozen, foggy State of Maine.'

My friend shivered while he was speaking, and at the close of his speech his teeth chattered; he buttoned up his coat, and drew from his capacious pocket a large pair of shag mittens, pulled them over his farmerly hands, and tucked up the fringes under his soiled cuffs, looking for all the world like the personification of winter's enemy harnessed for battle.

'Will you just step into my office,' said I, 'and shelter yourself from the cold, while I tell you a story.'

'With all my heart,' said the frank yeoman, 'though I seldom visit shops of that character; provided you will tell any one who speaks of my having called on you, that I never sue nor am sued.'

Comfortably seated in my office, I related a story to my friend which had so kindly an influence upon his feelings, that I am strongly tempted to give the substance of it to the readers of the MAINE MONTHLY.

Roger Barton was as plain and honest a farmer as ever lived in the dominion of Jonathan. At the age of twenty-three he married the daughter of a next-door neighbor to his father, a real Yankee girl, who soon matured into a genuine Yankee wife, and became the mother of sons and daughters of whom any New Englander might well have been proud. I speak of these first, because I know of no lovelier sight on earth, than a large family of intelligent, rosy-cheeked, hearty children, appended to the establishment of an industrious, contented farmer. But Mrs. Barton had much to recommend her, aside from these kindly helps of the farm and household. She kept every thing neat and tidy in and about the house; her husband's coat was never out at the elbows, and if worn, was always neatly mended—[here my friend looked over his own garments, which time had looked on, and seemed very complacent]—the children were well washed and combed, and sent off to school in due season; she was her own dairy woman, and butter and cheese better than her's never graced a market—[here my friend looked doubtful, for his butter and cheese carries the palm in Penobscot]—her husband was never burdened with heavy bills for domestic servants; and, in short, she was all that could be desired in a farmer's wife; and Roger was

almost as proud of his wife and children, as he was of a yoke of seven feet oxen, which was always appended to his farm.

But I am before my story. I have not yet told you where he lived. Were you ever in that part of Oxford County which lies west of, and near to Blue Mountain? Have you ever stood on the top of that lofty eminence and looked down to the southwest into a basin scooped out amidst surrounding hills, in the middle of which is spread out a beautiful lake, skirted with farms that look as if the hands of fairies had dressed them? If you have, you must have noticed the farm where Roger Barton was so happy with his wife and children, at the time to which I allude. Often have I stood on that mountain, and looked down upon that farm, with its neat white house, its grass fields outspread far and wide, dotted here and there with graceful elms and dark fir-trees;—its pastures rising at first gently from the graceful meadows, and swelling at length far to the northwest into rocky hills; with flocks and herds, cropping the rich grass, straying over the ample hills, recumbent on the verdant lawns, or sporting on the heights; and while I looked, I wished my fortune had been that of Roger Barton, instead of being what I was,—a recluse student—a candidate for a profession which makes a man the slave of the least amiable of the passions of his fellow men.

Roger Barton was happy: he knew he was happy. He was contented; so was his wife; so were his children. He was not rich in the town reckoning; but he was *really* rich. He had ‘enough and to spare’ could give a trifle to a poor sick neighbor, and give profitable employment to the healthy poor, which is better for them than a present outright. He was loved and honored, as well as a quiet, sober, honest, unassuming man could expect or desire to be.

But the best fields are not always fruitful, nor is the finest climate always salubrious. Sunny Italy itself has some uncomfortable seasons, and the richest vineyards sometimes cast untimely grapes. Three cold frosty seasons in succession, were too much for Roger’s endurance. His corn was cut off in the milk; his potatoes sogged in the boiling, for the frost nipped them yet unripe. His thrifty young orchard cast its blossoms, because a cold east wind assailed it in the very nick of time, and apples, and new cider, were great favorites with Roger. He grew uneasy—discontented—became peevish at times, and once went so far as even to speak unkindly to his wife!

‘And can this be Roger?’ said she tenderly, yet reprovingly; ‘can this be the kind husband with whom I have lived fifteen years, who never spoke harshly to me before?’

He felt the force of her logic, and apologized: told of the loss of his crops, which she well knew before,—of his fears for the future,—that he had half resolved to emigrate to Ohio, and only wanted her consent to complete his resolution.

‘Do as you think best,’ said she with a sad smile, ‘I can go or stay with you—any thing for your sake, I can bear, if you will never speak harshly to me or our babes.’

Roger thought himself happy once more. For months he had ruminated on the subject, but wanted resolution to mention it to her. He well knew her domestic turn; her attachment to her neighborhood; her love of a

settled life ; and expected she would oppose a removal. But now the way was open—his mind was made up from that moment ; go he must. He sold his lovely farm at a great sacrifice ; almost gave away his large and fine stock of cattle—his seven feet oxen and all, without a tear ; parted with his two hundred merinoes for a song ; sacrificed his furniture which his wife prized so highly as to shed tears at parting with it ; called in his money at interest ; and late in autumn, started for Ohio.

* * * * *

There arrived, weary and disheartened, he looked around in vain for the paradise he had anticipated. The man who feels the real *emigration fever*, has a picture in his mind of a place all green, and rich, and beautiful, somewhere or other, to which his soul aspires. He cannot tell you where it is, or exactly what is, but somewhere it must be. He chases it, as we all chase our hopes, but it still flits away before him, like memories in a dream. He searches and searches, but where is it ? It has in fact no place in nature—it is but the conception of a disordered brain. Thus it was with Roger. County after County he traversed ; crossed river after river ; but after all was not able to find a spot half so lovely as the old farm he had left far behind him among the hills of Oxford.

At last he was forced to a stand. Half his money was already spent, and stop somewhere he must. On the banks of the Muskingum he purchased a farm, and hoped to find reason to be content with it. The soil was really fertile and easy ; and he had nothing to fear from frost. But alas ! what human lot is free from uneasiness ! The fever and ague fastened upon him every now and then, giving him frequent fits of shivering, that outshivered all the cold winters of Maine. His wife, who had never been sickly before, was now able to do very little, and though she never complained, he could see she was by no means so cheerful as she used to be in her home among the mountains. His children became feeble, pined away, did not laugh and skip as they were accustomed to do formerly. Society to his taste, there was none. In vain he sought that pure, elevated, enlightened social intercourse to which he had been accustomed ; all the habits of society were new to him ; and no one finds it easy, after being long accustomed to one course of things, to adapt himself to another essentially different.

There seems to be some natural connexion between the sun and air in which men are bred, and the habits they form. Hence national and sectional diversities : and hence the uneasiness any one feels when suddenly transported from one country to another. Even a removal from one County or city to another, is not without a degree of the same feeling. It is but a measure of the same sensation that any one who has always enjoyed freedom, feels when for the first time he finds himself in a prison.

Poor Roger felt all this, in the extreme. His blood and his limbs are at war with the climate ; and his sentiments and emotions were in constant contest with the pulsations of the community in which he had taken up his abode. If not confined to ‘hog and hominy,’ he yet found a strange innutritiousness in the diet of the West. The fruits were ripened by a different sun ; and if they were mellow, they yet wanted the rich flavor which health and active industry gave to the mountainous east. And he saw that it was so with his

wife and children. Gladly would he have sacrificed the rest of his property, to have been placed back, poor and contented among his native hills. But pride kept him silent on the subject, and year after year passed on and he was still an inhabitant of Ohio.

But his sorrows were but yet begun. Two of his lovely daughters fell victims to the change of climate, and his only remaining girl, loveliest among the lovely, too plainly indicated that she too was hastening the same way. His two eldest sons—one of them now nearly of age—were clamorous to return; and his wife, though she spoke not to complain, looked on her languishing, only remaining daughter, with all a mother's affection, and turning his eyes towards Maine, sighed more deeply than he had ever heard her sigh before. Her cheek was pale, her eye sunken, there was a language in all this that reached the heart of Roger; it spoke of fears that were too well grounded; of wishes but ill-concealed. His pride faltered, for Roger had a tender—an affectionate heart.

'Shall we return to Maine,' said he one evening to her, as they were seated near a window that looked towards the east, 'Shall we return to Maine, where we used to be so happy?'

She smiled more sweetly than she had since they crossed the Alleghanies, and with that trusting confidence which is so beautiful in woman, answered in the same words with which she consented to embark with him for the west. 'Do as you think best, my dear;' but there was something in the accent which disclosed the secret of her deepest wishes. Words may deceive, but tones and looks are eloquent, and often can we read them with a certainty which precludes any possibility of mistake. Roger felt this. He knew that it was best to return, and pride gave way to reason and common sense. He sacrificed his property as he had done less rationally before; and returned with less anticipation, but more certainty, than when he left his home to seek a paradise.

I saw him soon after his return, and asked him how he liked the West. 'It is a good place,' said he, 'for those who ask no comforts but those which flow from plenty and uneasy indolence; for those who can afford to give up all social intercourse, and domestic hopes, that are worth the name; who prefer idleness to health, wealth to pure morality, fever and ague to bracing winter; but give me,' he added with emphasis, 'the rocks, the hills, the frosts, and even the cold seasons of Maine, and who wants may have the West with all its privileges. I can be content with little here, for man wants but little; and had I back my children, and the health I have foolishly sacrificed, I should be perfectly happy. He that never has lived in New England, may do well enough in the west; but let him that is already happy enough, forego all experiments.'

His only remaining daughter soon fell a victim to the disease which the western climate had fastened upon her; and her mother did not long survive her. The rest of the family were soon restored to their usual tone of health by the bracing air of the north. But Roger has never been the same happy man since his return, that he was before his departure. His beautiful farm is in other hands; his daughters are gone, his wife has been snatched away, and he cannot but feel that he had an agency in destroying them. Often

have I heard him execrate the hour that first determined him to emigrate, and leave the quiet shore of the Lake in Oxford.

The moral I would deduce from this story is the homely old adage, which well suits the words of Shakspeare with which I set out, viz:—‘Let well enough alone.’

‘Striving to better, oft we mar what’s well.’

You are comfortably situated, and have enough, with industry and economy, to render you comfortable. Be content, then, and stay in the land of your nativity. You may change your place, but never can escape *the world*, while you live on earth. The curse rests upon it, not here in Maine only, but every where. The briars and thorns none can escape.

What though we have a cold frosty season now and then? corn crops shortened—potatoes frostbitten—commerce curtailed—business dull? Are these the worst,—the only evils in the world? and are even these evils only found in the State of Maine? Shame on your murmurs! Make the mind right, and Maine is a Paradise. What though you have to work for a living? Put that down, *a blessing*, as Providence wisely intended it.

From my soul I pity the man who is not in love with the scenes around him: who can turn in disgust from all the beauty which surrounds him; from the friendships he has formed; from all his social connexions, and, sleeping or waking, be always chasing phantoms of hope as baseless as the colors of the rainbow; who finds no happiness in any thing that is not perfect; and yet has so little common sense as not to know that, go where he will, his standard of perfection can no where be found. And still, how many there are whose happiness is at the mercy of circumstances! How many whom one sharp frost before the middle of September will render completely miserable!

Where, to such, are the ten thousand resources always open to the mind of the contented man; he looks not at the things he has not, but at those he possesses. His mind is never inflated with notions of perfection which are Utopian. He lives on realities; and when one anticipation is cut off, he has other hopes that disappoint him not—other pleasures left sufficient to keep him pleased and grateful. He never sacrifices his happiness to his interest, if it be possible that one can subsist in opposition to the other.

O, Contentment, sweetest solace of mortals in a world of mingled pleasure and pain:

‘Give what thou wilt, without *thee*, we are poor,
And with *thee*, rich, take what thou wilt away.’

‘O, happiness, how far we flee,
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee.’

When I had finished my story, and my sermon, my friend left me, in an excellent humor. The sun had dissipated the morning fogs—the chilly air had given place to the mild beams of September. He pulled off his mittens, and thrust them into his coat pocket, unbuttoned his coat, and declared he would go home to his wife and little ones, and stay in Maine one year longer, at least.

Reader, have you ever felt the Western fever? Ponder well this simple story; enlarge the picture in some of its bearings,—for it will bear enlarging,

ask of those who have tried the experiment themselves, whether it be wise to leave a tolerably comfortable home, for one that is at best uncertain. If there is a chance that you may better yourself by a removal, is there not a chance or two, that your better may turn out a worse. Remember,

'Striving to bettr, oft we mar what's well.'

Bangor, Sept. 1836.

THE PENITENT GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

In the foreground of Haydan's Picture of 'Christ's Triumphant Entrance into Jerusalem,' is a mother struggling through the crowd, with her eye fixed anxiously on our Savior, and the hand of her sinful daughter held up between her own, in the attitude of energetic entreaty. The daughter is shrinking back, with her other hand pressed over her eyes, as if despairing of forgiveness. I shall never forget the face of the mother—so full of maternal anxiety—so soul-stirring in its expression. The mother and daughter are made the subject of the following sketch.

SHE lonely stood beside a marble fount,
Her white arms folded meekly on her breast,
And her whole person drooping like a flower
The frost had breathed upon.

The hour was early—
The broken light fell softly through the trees,
Like a lost blessing to her troubled brow,
And flung its beauty round her where she stood,
As some bright statue burthened with a soul.
The sorrowing curve of that small trembling mouth,
And the deep gloom of her large timid eye—
The long dark lashes, heavy with her grief—
The black, unbraided hair, and falling tears
That stirred at intervals the placid fount—
All—all bespoke the struggle of a heart
Sick to the core of its own wickedness.

Well might she weep, while shaded by those trees,
Where once, in childhood's innocence, she pulled
With her small dimpled hand the luscious fig,
The red-cheeked pomegranate, and the grape
Where its bright clusters bent the burthened vines.

The fruit was ripe, and all the scented flowers
Breathed out sweet welcome, as in former years;
The waters rippled in their marble fount
With the same hushing murmur which had won
The ringing shout in her sweet infancy;
Cool shadows lay upon the grassy banks,
And there, uprising in the distant plain,
A thousand slender spires and sheeted domes
Shot proudly up against the golden sky,

And glittering vanes flashed to the regal sun
In mimic gorgeousness.

Jerusalem !

There stood the holy city. The low hum
Of all the stirring multitudes was borne
Up to the ear of that lone penitent,
Like the far mourning of a troubled sea.
Around her and abroad all was the same—
All—all except herself—she was changed.
With the deep stain of sin upon her brow,
Could she do aught but weep where all things smiled ?
How could she see the rose upon her breast,
And wonder not a thing so white and pure
Could rest unsullied on that guilty spot ?
Sickened, she turned from gazing on the fount,
Where fell the shadow of the raven curls
Her mother once had parted from her brow,
Before it knew aught but a mother's kiss.

Hark !—'tis a loud hosanna rends the air !
And now the hum of voices, and the tramp
Of a dense multitude is passing by.
There 's yet a hope ; Jesus, the Lord, is near.
Rushed the red blood up to the maiden's cheek ;
Her eye grew brilliant, and her dewy lips
Were parted like a rose-bud to the sun,
As eagerly she bent to catch the sound—
Her hair flung backward from her listening ear—
And one small foot just lifted from the grass,
Like a scared antelope prepared for flight.
The flood of hope that started thus to life
The dormant energies within her soul,
Stayed but a moment in her trembling frame ;
For thoughts of her transgressions followed close,
And crushed to half its size her stricken heart.
The springing foot, which scarce had touched the earth
In her heart's eagerness, now heavily
Crushed down the tender flowers. The sunny rose
Lay coldly on her breast, as motionless
As if her heart had chilled it into stone.
The crimson tide went slowly from her cheek,
And there, like humid shadows, darkly lay
The silken beauty of her drooping lash.
Again she hears the joyful shout of praise,
And with it comes, like music from its source,
The eager shouting of her mother's voice.
' Up with thee, child !—the Savior is abroad !'
One look—one stifled cry—and forward sprang
The startled maiden to her mother's arms.
' And is there hope, dear mother ?'—murmured she,
As the quick throbings of the parent heart
Stirred the dark tresses floating on her breast.
' Hope—ay ! glorious hope !—God give thee faith !
On—on, my child—the Lord is drawing nigh !'

Fond mothers, who have seen the child you loved,
 While yet the pure, chaste object of your care,
 Withered and sullied by the touch of sin,
 Can tell how felt the mother of the maid.
 Long had she mourned her as a blighted flower—
 Had mourned her, but forgiven. Well she knew
 Disgrace and shame was on her erring child—
 But yet she was a mother. Being such
 Could she cast off to the world's mocking scorn,
 One who had slumbered through the still night,
 Like a young cherub, pillow'd on her breast,
 Lulled by the beatings of her own fond heart—
 Whose smile had been a blessing, and whose hands
 Had in their dimpling beauty sought her lip—
 Whose infant lisp still lay within her soul,
 A treasured music?—Could she give her up?
 She was a mother.
 And now the maiden with her mother stands
 Beside our blessed Lord. One look she caught,
 And then all wither'd by the flood of light,
 Her hand lay pressed upon her burning eyes,
 Could she—so vile—so scorned and trampled on,
 Look up to **Him**? Back like a wounded bird,
 Trembling, she shrunk, and would have left the crowd
 To hide her shame and tears—but in her grasp
 The mother still secures that trembling hand,
 And boldly struggles to the Savior's face.
 Faith led her on—a still increasing faith—
 As with a piercing eye, made keen by anguish,
 Lazarus she saw, in speechless gratitude;
 The good Samaritan, too, with leafy crown,
 Prostrate believing. Here a joyful sire,
 With circling arms, sustains his rescued child,
 Who knelt in thankfulness for life restored.*
 Was doubt for *her*? Should *she* lack steady faith—
 A mother pleading for her youngest born?
 He would not pass *her* by—when he had given
 Life to the dead, health to the lame and sick,
 And with a word had made the leper clean—
 Would he not cleanse from sin her daughter's soul?
 And now—with swelling heart and nerves drawn tight,
 Almost to sundring—and upturn's brow,
 Contracted by her agony, and pale,
 With the fierce struggle of her spirit's strength—
 The daughter's hands within her own held up,
 She shrieked in tones of thrilling agony,
 'Forgive—oh God, my wretched child forgive.'
 Was *she* forgiven? Could that thrill be peace
 That rushed so wildly through the maiden's frame?
 It was—it was; her heart beat light and free;
 Bright tears—warm, blissful tears, sprung to her eye,
 And bathed in liquid joy her snowy hand.

* The figures in the foreground of the picture.

INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

TRUE independence of character is a virtue of rare attainment. It is oftener counterfeit than genuine; though were we to trust to the words, without looking to the actions of men, we should be led to suppose that nothing is more common. For as every man, even down to him who would stoop to head a mob or make one of its number, talks loudly of his patriotism, so every man, even to the vilest wretch that crawls the street, boasts of his independence. But as the patriotism of the one is founded on false principles, so is the independence of the other, and both are alike undeserving our respect or imitation. We do not understand by independence, that recklessness which sets at defiance all law, all decency, and all order; nor do we understand by it that spirit, which originating in a sentiment of vanity, leads some men into a constant disagreement with the world around them; into a perpetual faultfinding with the institutions, laws and customs of society. Nor do we consider it to consist in the rude insolence of an inferior, nor in the haughty bearing of a superior; still less in any affected peculiarities of manner, or of dress. No, we mean by independence, something altogether different, and originating in motives entirely dissimilar; we mean by independence something far higher, nobler, and better. We mean by independence, that spirit which leads a man to regulate his conduct, by the unchanging principles of right; which bows not in blind adoration to the voice of the many, but examines, reflects, and decides for itself; which being fixed upon a sure and immutable basis, changes not to meet every gale of popular opinion; which holding itself accountable for its thoughts and actions, not to man, but to God, acts in accordance with that belief, unmindful alike of the *smiles*, or *frowns* of the world. This is true independence. This it is which sets the soul at liberty, which leaves it to its own views and convictions, and gives it the firmness to manifest those views and convictions in the outward conduct. This it is which leads men entirely and utterly to renounce long cherished opinions, however popular, when once convinced that they are wrong; and to adopt and maintain others, however unpopular, when once convinced that they are right. This it is, which gives dignity and elevation to the character, and a higher tone to the thoughts and feelings, which exalts its possessor, and commands for him the respect of all. Without it, men are not men. They float on the ocean of public opinion, without rudder or compass, at the mercy of the winds and waves. Their thoughts and actions are in servile imitation of those around them. Governed by fashion, they yield an implicit obedience to its commands, be they good, or be they evil. They are virtuous or vicious, just as those around them are virtuous or vicious. Having no fixed and permanent rule of action of their own, they regulate their conduct by the ever changing opinions of the world.

To this want of independence may be traced much of the evil which we behold around us. In it we may discern the reason why extravagance

usurps the place of economy, and idleness that of industry ; why those who possess a pecuniary independence, so often make themselves poor ; and why the poor remain poor ; why so many, who from their very cradles have received the best instructions, so frequently wander from the path of rectitude, to lose themselves in the mazes of vice. Does any one doubt these remarks, he has but to open his eyes to be convinced of their truth. They are confirmed by every page in the history of man ; by our own personal observation and experience, in our every day intercourse with the world. Who is there but can point us to some one, whose want of independence, whose slavish imitation of others, keeps constantly in debt, by causing him for the sake of appearances to make expenditures beyond his income ; by preventing him, if he be poor, from acknowledging it, and living accordingly. Who but can call to mind many of his acquaintances whose ruin may be traced to the same cause, to a want of that decision of character, which gives the firmness to say no ; a word which it often requires the greatest moral courage to utter, the want of which courage, has been, and still is, and will be the ruin of thousands. It has perverted the highest order of talent, blighted the finest sensibilities, and destroyed the most amiable dispositions. Often has it neutralized the effect of the kind warnings, and affectionate instructions of parents, blasted their fond hopes, and sent their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Often do we see men yielding to the evil suggestions of others, because they have not the moral courage to face a scorn, or endure a sneer, giving up those principles which man should hold dearest, to avoid the ridicule of dissolute companions ;—thus stripping themselves of man's noblest prerogative. With their own hands put they on chains heavier than iron, and more galling than steel. They are absolute slaves to their want of independence—a slavery the most abject, degraded, and degrading. Compared with it the fetters of the negro are as nothing, and his slavery, liberty. Not a bodily but a mental slavery, it makes its subjects mere automatons, possessed of no inherent power of putting themselves in motion, but moved entirely by influence from without.

True independence of character, then, is of great value, and like every thing else valuable, is only to be attained by great labor. There is no royal road which leads up to it. It is to be attained only by a long course of self-denial, by suffering opposition from without and from within,—by encountering scorn, ridicule and prejudice,—by daring to have our motives impeached, and our actions misrepresented. *Hoc opus, hic labor est.* Wisely hath it been said, he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. But its attainment is an ample indemnity for every exertion used to effect it. It gives a nobleness to the character which nothing else can give. It exalts the understanding, and purifies the heart. Its possessor, wrapt in the mantle of conscious integrity, pursues his own undeviating way, turning neither to the right hand, nor to the left. Though the earth heaves beneath him, and the lightnings gleam around him, and the storm beats in fury upon him, he goes on with a bold tread and a fearless eye.

C. W.

W I N T E R .

I.

SPRING is the time for joy ;
 For gushing from the heart's deep-welling springs,—
 For the first fluttering of the soul's young wings,
 Which the long sleep that Winter's numbness brings,
 Could chill, but not destroy.

II.

Summer's the time for Love ;
 For the full heart to worship and adore—
 For the strong river of the spirit to pour
 Its flood of praise and gratitude before
 The Lord of Heaven above.

III.

And Autumn brings its hour
 To gather in the harvest of the soul,
 That peace of mind the world could never dole
 To those who bend beneath its bad control
 Or court its withering power.

IV.

But WINTER, who hath sung
 What feelings, what affections in the deep
 And hidden fountains of the heart asleep,—
 What thoughts that now in frozen channels creep,
 Thy power should lend the tongue ?

V.

Thy clouds and silent snows,
 Wrapping the hills in pall and winding sheet,
 Thy whirling storms of wind and driving sleet,
 Thy solemn voices where the dark pines meet,
 And the keen night-wind blows ;

VI.

Thy varied household scenes—
 Thy fireside dreams, and the strange visitings
 Of mirth and wo ;—of affluence, that clings
 To selfishness ;—or want that merrily sings
 Content with scanty means :—

VII.

These, Winter, wake my soul
 To look beyond the present, and to view
 In the dim future many a sky of blue—
 Many a bright field of sunlight glimmering through
 The clouds that backward roll.

VIII.

Then let *thy* voice be—FAITH.

Let Spring-time call for Joy, Summer for LOVE,
Let Autumn whisper PEACE like murmuring dove,—
But thou, O Winter, pointest us above,
And bid'st us look through death !

Maine, January, 1836.

ON THE PHILOSOPHY AND PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE word *poet* is derived from a Greek word which means, to make, or to create. Poetry is the work—the creation of the poet's mind. Both the Latin and the Greek names of the poet are often used as synonymous with Prophet. Perhaps there is no word in our language to which it is so difficult to give a satisfactory definition as the word Poetry. No attempt, therefore, will be made to give a concise definition, which will be allowed to be correct by all. 'Tis the language of sentiment and passion, yet every expression of sentiment and passion is not poetry. It has been defined the 'imitative art.' Others have defined it the 'art of expressing one's thoughts by fictions.' Neither of these gives a just idea of poetry, for other arts, as painting and sculpture, are imitative as well as poetry, and fiction is not restricted to poetry, but is equally used in prose. Others have defined it the 'language of passion or of an elevated imagination, formed most commonly into regular numbers.' This definition approaches nearer to the truth, though numbers are not an essential part of poetry. Poetry may be written without regard to measure or verse, and still lose nothing of the essence of poetry. Numbers and verse have no more to do with poetry, than the dress in which a person usually appears has to do with his essential character. True, the dress may be more becoming to his person and character than that of another kind, but still the character of the man does not change by changing the style of his dress. It would be difficult to point out better specimens of true poetry than are to be found in unmeasured sentences of Telemachus, Ossian, or Scott's novels. So the versification may be perfect, harmonious, and sweet, and still be destitute of the life of poetry. The inanimate, lifeless strain, however smooth and sweet the numbers, will then be like a well-dressed dunce, artificially moulded into the forms of genteel and refined society. But all true poetry must have this quality ; it must be the true expression of sentiments, feelings and passions by corresponding words and imagery. The feeling must be the soul ; the true manifestation of that feeling in words, the body of poetry.

With the ancients, we said, poet and prophet were expressed by the same term ; and not without some reason. In order to possess the distinction of poetry, it is not sufficient that passion and sentiment be truly and fully expressed in appropriate language and figures of illustration, but the senti-

ments the feeling itself, must partake something of the prophetic character of inspiration. It must be above the level of the sentiments and feelings of other men, and also of the poet's own ordinary state of mind. A spell of inspiration comes upon him, it comes unbidden, and he is, as it were, impelled to give utterance to the sentiments swelling in his breast. The feelings and sentiments take corresponding forms in his imagination, and he utters the language of poetry. To other men of the same age, and who stand on his ordinary level, his words have something of the appearance and the effect of prophecy. The poet has been elevated in feeling above their state of mind, and acts with corresponding energy, so that he is for the moment thus advanced before them, sees what they may see as their state changes, and what they at once recognize, when embued with something of his spirit, as a true transcript of their own feelings when thus excited and elevated. This, we believe to be the *philosophy of poetry*. It may be the expression of either good or bad sentiments and passions. All kinds of sentiments and passions may be the source of poetry and have poetry addressed to them, but in degree they must be above the level of those for whom the poet writes, and in kind similar to their sentiments and feelings on the same subject. Accordingly, that which would be poetry to one mind would have no such meaning to another. And if the reader has advanced in feeling and sentiment *above* the state in which the poet writes, his poetry will have no power or charm for him, and appear to have no merit, although it might have once appeared, in a less advanced state, to possess great merit. Poetry, therefore, from its nature must be as various and infinitely diversified as the feelings and sentiments of mankind; and as changing and varying in its character as the state of man in his progress from the savage to the enlightened and Christian Philosopher.

Poetry, neither oral or written, will be found to exist in the *most* savage and sensual state of man. Some further developement of humanity than the mere animal appetites, and sensual passions, is necessary to its production. But as the condition of man begins to emerge from the mere animal and sensual state, poetry in a rude and incipient form, like a spontaneous plant, gradually springs forth. As men gradually become associated in tribes and clans, and the restrictions of society began to be laid upon the indulgence of those natural passions which are awakened and called into exercise, then will the dawn of poetry commence. The spirit of savage patriotism —his love of glory, and his thirst for revenge, which he cannot act out instantly and bring into effect, will burst forth in the martial notes of the war-song. The passion of Love, when he first feels the restraints of society, will be expressed in amorous lays in presence of his mistress. And such will be found the first growth of poetry among all barbarous nations as they begin to emerge from the savage state.

As society advances from a savage state, the selfish passions and sentiments have a more full and wider developement, as wants multiply and stimulate to activity and exertion, and man reluctantly submits to the restraints of society, and the strong passions are with difficulty restrained by the arm of power exercised by their chiefs, and they become embroiled in domestic feuds and wars with the neighboring tribes. Then commences

the era of the epic or martial poetry. The exploits of heroes and chiefs—the circumstances and causes of quarrels and wars—the valor and courage of their own heroes—the fear and cowardice of enemies—the wisdom of the old in council—the daring of the young in the field—the strife of the battle, and the triumph of the victory—are the animating themes of the poet. His breast becomes inspired with a double portion of the spirit of his tribe, the ardor of his feelings gives energy and strength and elevation to his thoughts, and through the medium of such an excited state of mind, he receives the emotions he would describe, and he imparts to the actors of the scenes he records, the sentiments and feelings of his own breast. He undertakes to describe the characters and exploits which are known and familiar to his tribe or nation, but he paints and exalts them according to his own excited state of feeling. He describes them, not as literal truth, but he exalts and spiritualizes the grosser actions and characters passing before him, and thus brings forth the glowing picture of his own mind. He paints men and things in colors brighter than real, and gives a more perfect manifestation of the real sentiments and feelings of his nation or tribe, than has been. His poem, acted out, will be but a mirror in which to see those sentiments possessed in common by the tribe, by portraying acts which they would when excited be prompt to do. Hence his poetry is at once received by them. It excites corresponding feelings in the hearers, and thus the words of the poet become joined to the feelings and passions, and committed to heart.

Such must have been the state of society in the age of Homer, the older and reputed in genius the greatest of poets. The subject of his great poem was the destruction of Troy, a city in Asia Minor, by the united force of all the tribes of Greece, under the command of their respective chiefs, above one thousand years before the Christian era. The cause which led them to unite in this enterprise was that Paris, a Trojan prince, had stolen and carried home Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, and refused to deliver her up. All things went on successfully in the war, till a quarrel broke out between the leaders of the Greeks. Achilles, the brave chief of the Thessalians, is unjustly deprived of a female captive who had fallen to his lot in the division of the spoils of a victory, and refuses to act with his countrymen till she is restored, and swears revenge for the injustice done him. And the specific point in this great poem is to celebrate the valor and wrath of this hero, Achilles.

‘Achilles’ wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of wars unnumbered, heavenly Goddess sing.

For several generations this great poem is supposed to have been unwritten, and transmitted from father to son, like the ballads of the Highland Scots. In it the poet has described the rude and barbarous state of the people, concerning whom he wrote—their sentiments and religious belief—the character of their government, and the manners and customs of domestic life.

As society advances—as more correct doctrines respecting the character and attributes of God gain ascendancy in the mind, and are practically acknowledged in the constitution of society, a corresponding change takes place in the subjects and the style of poetry. The true poet must be in

advance of his age on the subject of which he writes. He must not come in direct collision with commonly received opinions. He cannot do violence to the established principles of religion, or of social and moral virtue. Master of the knowledge of his age, and standing on the same general platform with those for whom he writes ; his sentiments and feelings become exalted, and under the spell of inspiration, he foretells future events. He sees men and things through the medium of his own excited mind. He describes things, not as they are, but as it appears to him they should be. He paints virtue in her own loveliness, and vice in all her deformity. His poetry is recognized, and owned as such, by those of his age. His efforts meet with a welcome response from all for whom he writes ; and the cord he strikes vibrates in harmony throughout society.

Sufficient has been said to illustrate the general principle, which we have laid down on the Philosophy of Poetry. We will anticipate in these remarks some plausible objections to that principle, and then give some further illustrations of it, by referring to a few individual poets of the same age, but of different characters.

From a comparatively rude and illiterate age, like that in which Homer lived, education does not make such wide distinctions in the capacities of different members of society. All may understand the poet. He writes upon themes intelligent to all, and addresses himself to common sentiments and passions. Homer was the poet of a whole people. The slave was as capable of understanding, and being fired by the spirit of the Iliad, as the master. The soldier in the camp was as able to understand his descriptions as the philosopher of after ages, and he was far more susceptible of the spirit-stirring power of his numbers. The intellectual and moral distinctions, which exist in society, and the different capacities and sympathies of a more cultivated and refined age, do not then appear. But as society advances, the whole body does not move on together. Broader moral and intellectual discoveries arise among those of the same age, and in the same community. Difference in religious faith, difference in education, and difference in rank give corresponding different capacities of understanding, and create different sympathies and sentiments to be addressed. Accordingly in the *same* age, and in the *same* community there may be real poets of every grade of intellectual and moral elevation. The fact then, that a poet is not universally popular, or has few resources, is no evidence of his want of true inspiration ; for the extent of his popularity depends on the sentiments he addresses. To be popular, a poet must not write above his readers. He must confine himself to the circle of their peculiar sentiments and sympathies ; then, what he writes, will find a ready echo in the breasts of his readers. Does he address himself to those sentiments and feelings, which the *whole community* possess in common ? correspondingly strong and deep will be the response given him. If, possessed of the genius and fire of a Homer, he writes for the whole people of his country ;—from them *all* will arise the spontaneous echo of applause.

The history of ROBERT BURNS is a striking illustration of this truth. Possessed of little education of moral sentiment, of but indifferent private character and vulgar manners ; he nevertheless lives in the hearts of his

countrymen. His genius has won for him immortality, and rendered him the pride and boast of the whole people of Scotland. Nor is this because the moral influence of his poetry is good, or elevating; but it may be accounted for from the fact that he was a natural poet, and addressed himself to the natural sentiments and sympathies of his countrymen. Whether grave or gay,—humorous or rational, whether inspired by the passion of *love*—the zeal of *patriotism*, or joyful greetings of ‘*auld acquaintance*,’ he is equally happy and true to nature. Burns is said to have composed that national air on the battle of Bannockburn, with which every one is familiar, one night as he was riding on horseback. To those who are familiar with the history of the time, and the exciting state of feeling among the whole Scotch nation at the time of Edward’s invasion, their implacable hatred of the English king, their patriotic zeal and determined resistance to his power, this ballad seems to be the united voice of all Scotland speaking through their leader as they stood, thirty thousand Scots opposed to two hundred thousand English, drawn up in battle array, and waiting for the cry of onset. When, in order to fire their souls to the utmost pitch of desperation, their leader addresses them thus—

Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled ;
Scots, whom Bruce has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Now’s the day, and now’s the hour ;
See the front of battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward’s power,
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha will fill a coward’s grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland’s king and law,
Freedom’s sword will strongly draw ;
Freeman stand or freeman fa,
Let him follow me !

By oppression’s woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they will be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty’s in every blow !
Let us do or die !

In these lines are embodied the spirit that, with thirty thousand soldiers, could meet two hundred thousand, leave fifty thousand dead on the field, and take eighty thousand prisoners. This air, for the kind of poetry, has no equal in the language. Campbell’s ‘*Ode to the Mariners of England*’ perhaps approaches nearest in poetic merit. The good feeling and social feeling awakened by the meeting of old fellow soldiers after a long absence is so perfectly portrayed in the well known ballad of ‘*Auld lang syne*,’ that one

can hardly stand off at a distance. The sentiments expressed, so natural, prompt us to go and sit down among them,

And gie the hand of thine ;
And tak' a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

Burns is equally happy in elegiac and satirical poetry. His '*Lament for Mary Queen of Scots*,' and his '*Dirge on man was made to mourn*,' are exquisitely tender and natural. The '*Farewell to Ayreshire*' is a most perfect transcript of those feelings, which are called up, on leaving home, and friends, and native country. The lines addressed to his '*Highland Mary*'—the '*bonnie Sapie*' to whom his affections were first given, and from whom they were never withdrawn, are real expressians of the poet's soul, and portray in truest colors the influence of that love, which cannot quit the dead.

There is but little in Burns' poetry, which is nominally elevating. It is the poetry of the natural sentiments and passions of men, not chastened and subdued by religion; and so long as men remain in that mere natural degree of life will it be admired and loved. But as the natural sentiments and passions are subdued by a living faith in the spiritual truths of religion, will the power and the charm of his poetry pass away.

None can deny that MILTON possessed high poetic genius; but compared with Burns, he must always have few readers. His poetry is addressed to a highly intellectual state of mind, and by those who take similar views of the doctrine contained in Divine Benevolence, it may be enjoyed. Some of his descriptions of natural scenery are admirable. And the conversations between Adam and Eve paint a high state of moral sentiment, and conjugal happiness. But the character of God is degraded, he is invested with attributes which belong not to Jehovah. In moral perfections he is hardly superior to rebel angels; and in reading the work, our sympathies are involuntarily enlisted on their side. Give to Satan, as he is represented in the poem, equal power and intelligence, and we should almost as soon worship him as Jehovah. We do not deny that '*Paradise Lost*' is poetry; but it is the poetry of a peculiar state of mind, addressed to a limited portion of society; and formed by the influence of those peculiar doctrines of the character and government of God, which it was the misfortune of the author to embrace. By those of the same sentiments, this poetry may be enjoyed. By others it may be admired for the power of the author's conceptions, and the strength and energy of his descriptions, but it can never be received as the poetry of an enlightened Christian age, or an elevated religious sentiment. The sentiments which the poem in question is calculated to awaken, are decidedly bad and irreligious.

SHAKSPEARE, like Burns, was a *natural* poet. He lived in an age when the Christian religion was acknowledged, and the manners and customs of society influenced by its great general doctrines; but his mind was obviously formed on no settled opinions of religious faith. His mind, like a mirror, seems to reflect the characters of all other men. He paints man as he is. He unfolds the sentiments and passions, and brings forth all that is stored up in the dark chambers and secret windings of the human heart. He seems

himself to be an epitome of all the various ranks and degrees of humanity with which he was conversant. He enters, with equal facility, into the feelings of the prince and beggar, the high and the low, in all the various states of prosperity and adversity, which man is heir to: and he illustrates every variety of character, as formed by the state of society in which he lived. His poetry, therefore, is *popular*; being addressed to the wide field of human sentiments and sympathies, it receives their cordial response. Shakespeare may have reflected much upon the operations of his own mind; but we do not ascribe to great abstract reflection, that deep philosophical remark he ever displays on human nature, and the principle of human action. He knew not men by abstract reflection, or through the medium of books. His early education was limited. Coming to London, a poor adventurer, scarcely a word of his life is known, or was thought worth recording by his contemporaries. And, after having written the plays, which have been the admiration of succeeding ages, and which have given him the rank of *priorty* among all the poets of his country, he retired to his native town, seemingly unconscious that he had done any thing great, or worthy of admiration. The truth is, he wrote when the spell of inspiration was on him, and, without laboring to correct, threw aside the productions, when that spell was broken. His poetry, therefore, came forth warm from the feelings of his own mind. In whatever character he wished to speak, the excited sentiments and passions of his own breast suggested to him appropriate language. The strong intellectual character of his mind, and the deep philosophical remarks which are suited to some of his characters often removes him above the level of common readers, and it often requires a higher degree of intellectual character than is universal in the uneducated ranks of society to be interested in some of his plays. But this is all that is necessary to open the door of entrance into the hearts of all the same general state of moral sentiment in which he wrote. When this state of feeling and sentiment shall have passed away, and man shall have become raised to the plain of spiritual life, the interest felt in his poetry will gradually pass. He is the true poet of man as he is, till his natural affections and passions are subdued by religion.

The poetry of THOMSON is that of chaste and rather elevated moral sentiment, and of a well educated and cultivated mind. He possesses far less power as a natural poet, than Burns or Shakspeare, and because his language is that of a more learned man, and one of higher moral sentiment, he must have a less number who will admire him. His mind appears like a calm, smooth lake, which at the still hour of twilight reflects truly the objects of nature around. It is not men and manners, it is not the awakened passion that interests him, but it is the infinitely diversified and ever changing face of nature. His mind is one thrown open to the impress of the works of universal nature, and he seldom rises above that plane. Had he been more spiritual and elevated in his religious sentiments, his poetry would have had transcendent power. It often wants soul, though always beautiful. Had he possessed higher and more spiritual religious affections, and thus been able to have more true conceptions of the attributes and presence of the deity, he would then have presented his transcripts of nature with more spirit and

life, as the *living body* of a living soul, a vital principle ever operative and active within. To enjoy his poem on the Seasons, you must let him take you by the hand, and go out with him from the busy haunts of men; you must make bare the mind to receive and enjoy the works of the *God of the Seasons as they roll*, and then you may be always sure of being well interested. Go with him wherever he goes, for he says.

'Should fate command me to further verge
Of the green earth, rivers unknown to song,
Where first the sun gilds India's mountains,
Or his setting beams flame on the Atlantic isles,
'Tis naught to me, since God is ever present.
Ever felt in the void waste or in the city full,
And where the vital spreads there must be joy.'

COWPER, like Thomson, was a lover of nature. His mind was well cultivated and not less sensitive to the beauties and riches of nature's works. He possessed higher religious feelings and sentiments, but unfortunately they were often clouded by the peculiarities of his religious faith. Had his spiritual affections, only, been enlightened by a religious faith corresponding to their elevation, he might have rose to take that preeminence which was left by him for the still living poet Wordsworth. Thomson and Cowper are both true poets, and poets of a high, intellectual, and moral character, and they will have each his own readers and admirers. Thomson, to use a comparison simply for illustration, will be most admired by minds which are modelled after the Unitarian or Arminian sentiments of religion, and Cowper by those of the Calvinistic school.

But WORDSWORTH, of the present age, commences a new era in the progress of poetry. He combines the poetic talents of Thomson and Cowper, with elevated religious feeling, clouded by no revolting sentiment. Like every great man, who is in advance of his age, and writes for the few of his own age, and the many who come after him, he has been assailed by the weapons of satire and ridicule. The archers have shot at him and hated him, but his bow still abides in strength and the arms of his hands are made strong. The striking peculiarities of Wordsworth are, that he brings a well educated and richly cultivated mind, great reflection of talents, and strong powers of illustration, a true love of nature, and a keen inspection into the minds of other men in all ranks of life, and lays them all on the altar of warm, humble, religious sentiment. He is never clouded or gloomy. His natural affections all appear chastened and subdued by religion, and he simply attempts to paint them, to draw and delineate such feelings working their way into life and action. His religious character appears to be one moulded by the peculiar doctrines of no sect, but he seems to write as a spiritual Christian, like one of those whose mind and life are deeply and inwardly imbued with the spirit of religion that they keep but little on hand merely to talk about. Like Burns, he does not give the free, spontaneous burst of depraved sentiments and passions, but he always steps forward and stands ahead on the elevation of moral and religious truth, and tries to instruct as well as to please, and to draw you to him because he can do you good. He endeavors to make you reflect on your own mind, to show you by some pleasing story in common life, simply told, the influence and effect of the sentiments in yourself in acts of goodness to others, to

esteem goodness as greatness, and knowledge valuable because it is the means by which goodness can compass its ends. Nature to him is not a well wrought machine, left when well set in motion, the hand of the Architect still rests upon ; and without exhaustion, gives motion and life to the whole. He does not keep you at a frightful distance from the spirit-land, but familiarizes the mind to the great and sublime revealed truths of spiritual existence. To him the immortality of man, his resurrection to a higher state at death, is a living reality always in mind. When the curtain drops to close the scenes of this existence and introduce him to the next, he does not teach us to put on the garments of mourning and sorrow, but familiarizes the mind to the truth of revelation. ‘ Because I live ye shall live also.’ He endeavors to carry our faith in the great truths of revealed religion along with us wherever we go, to remind us constantly in every walk and station that God is ever present, and the spiritual world is around us. Thus the works of nature and the truths of revelation unite and combine in all his conceptions, the language of man is seen to harmonize with that of revelation, and its harp becomes attuned to the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The influence of the frequent contemplation of the works of nature on an ingenious, spiritual mind, is strikingly shown in the following lines of the poet, describing the effect on a young shepherd of such a character, whose occupation required him to be much alone, and accustomed to study alike the book of nature and revelation. In those moments of silent contemplation, says the poet,

‘ Sounds needs he none,
Nor any *voice* of joy, the *spirit* drinks in
The spectacle; sensations, soul, and form,
All melt into the *it*, and swallow up
The animal being ; in them he lives
In such access of *mind*, in such an hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought is not ; in enjoyment it expires.
Its thanks he breathes, he proffers no request—
Rapt into a still communion, that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
The mind is a Thanksgiving to the power
That made it.’

To a mind that has no sentiment of this kind to be addressed, such poetry will appear as mere rant and senseless rhapsody. His popularity will, therefore, be limited to those who have such sentiments to be addressed.

Did my limits permit, the poetry of Byron, Scott, Campbell, and Moore, and other distinguished poets of their age, might be examined, and the peculiar character of each shown, and their adaptation to certain classes of mind. But enough has been said to illustrate the principle laid down in the beginning, that poetry is the natural language of sentiment and passion. In order to be received as poetry by others, there must be a corresponding state of feeling and sentiment. It is a general impression that some minds never can be interested in any kind of poetry whatever. This is not true, for every man who feels will be interested when those feelings are addressed. But from what has been said, it is obvious that the kind of poetry in which he will be interested will depend upon the character of his sentiments and feelings.

ON THE DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED DR. ——.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

He laid down in a foreign land,
 And strangers his requiem sung ;
 And there followed his bier a mourning band,
 Of the aged and the young.

They made a place with their honored dead,
 For the noble stranger there,
 And guarded his low and silent bed
 With a deep fraternal care,

They wept—for sorrow they mourned and wept,
 As they worked his place of rest,
 But ay, the cold pillow where he slept,
 By no kindred tear was blest !

Yet a sound went forth to his native clime,
 A sound of wailing woe,
 And 'twas known by the bell's long, solemn chime,
 That a mighty one was low.

While the mourning soul of a stricken one,
 At the minster's shrine bent there ;
 And a riven heart's low quivering tone
 Was heard at the hour of prayer.

And many a lofty soul was bowed,
 And many a tear was shed ;
 For him who rests with the silent crowd,
 Of the stranger's mighty dead !

G E L E P I A N A .

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF Q. GELEP, JR.

I.

'Nay, now he has got us in tow,' said the seaman, 'there is nothing for it but hearing him out, though he spins as tough a yarn as ever a man-of-war's-man twisted on the watch at midnight.'

Good conversational powers are not estimated at the present time as they were formerly, or as they deserve to be. In these times of visionary utility, we are apt to overlook these accomplishments, which adorn and enrich society. Our great men cannot be satisfied with what they esteem little things; the theatre on which they display their powers, must be grand and

extensive ; they are striving for the *adique immensum infinitumque*,—and cannot be satisfied with matters, which engross the attention of those beneath them in intellectual power. The time in which good conversational powers were a passport to any society, is passing away with the memory of those who were so remarkable for them. How seldom do we hear it said of a man now-a-days, that he is eloquent in conversation ! Eloquent in conversation ! How small the praise ! If one is a genius—learned—talented ; if he sways the multitude by his address ; if he is known as an able politician—a skilful financier, or a great orator ; all this excites our wonder and admiration. But to say a man excels in conversation ! How small the praise we yield ! How little interest do we feel in that field, which has seen the highest glories of Johnston,—McIntosh,—Coleridge, and a host of other intellectual giants.

Nay, there are those among us, who really think it beneath their dignity to talk much. Their minds must not be soiled by vulgar touch :—

Procul, O procul, este profani.

They must preserve a stiff and starched demeanor, lest they may be taken for nothing more than ordinary. They must say but few words, and those with great deliberation, lest they *may* say some foolish thing. They recollect the saying of the old cynic, that he was often sorry for speaking, but but never for being silent. That there are quacks in this profession as in all others, admits of little doubt. When I see a man of this sort, I always suspect ‘the nakedness of the land’—that this apparently thoughtful silence is put on to keep men at a distance, for fear they will observe the barrenness of the country. All is not gold that glitters, and many a man’s silence results rather from a sleepy stupidity, than from mental abstraction. Coleridge tells an amusing anecdote of his disappointment in a man of this sort ; and I once heard a man, who was remarked for his reserve and silence at a literary festival, when refreshments were brought in, exclaim, ‘thank God, they have come to them things at last !’

But there is a great difference between talking and conversation. Every body talks, but few converse. Some people think it absolutely necessary for them to use their tongues. They must make a noise, or they will be forgotten. Your regular built talker, for fear he may be thought stupid, without the least consciousness of an original idea, and without considering whether what he says may be iminteresting to the *talkee*, pours into his ear such a stream of words as would weary the patience of Job. Moreover, he soon runs through his stock of ideas, and, in order to talk, he is compelled to use the old one over again. This is the worst point in the whole matter. I have heard of a minister who preached a barrel full of sermons—headed it up—turned over, and preached ‘bock ag’en.’ But his hearers suffered little, compared with what men often do from idealess talkers. They are *the bores* of society. I know a man, who I verily believe has told all he knows a dozen times. There is not an idea in his head that is not worn threadbare. He has told the same stories—the same anecdotes, and adventures, till I have learned them by heart. The same reflections—the same sage conclusions—the same philosophical remarks, have all been enforced again and again. And when he is fairly used up for material, he

will tell you old news—or retail to you the daily newspapers, which perchance you have just read.

Would that such people would learn the difference between conversation and babbling. Would that they would learn to talk less and think more. Would that they would learn the maxim of Horace with regard to writing well, (they will find it in *Ars Poetica*, 309.)

SCRIBNAI RECTE, SAPERE EST ET PRINCIPIUM ET FONS.

I I.

Mistaken kindness!—its miserable consequences are observable in physical and moral disease—in ruin and degradation—in disgrace and infamy. There are multitudes so entirely mindful of the present—so unwilling to trust Divine Providence, that they well nigh ruin all who have the misfortune to be placed under their care. If parents, their offspring are to be pitied. In their very infancy are sown the seeds of premature decay. Their physical systems are ruined by unnecessary and ridiculous restraints. They are never suffered to breathe the pure mountain air of heaven. They must not endure

'——those gentlest winds that are not known
To breathe.'

The soft breezes which come from

'Araby the blest'

are ruinous to their delicate constitutions. Thus are they fitted for the distracting cares and duties of this world ; and when compelled to enter upon the warfare of life, they fall easy victims to premature disease and decay, or linger along, filled with gloomy reflections of what they might have been, and what they are. How many a man, who is continually unhappy from a sensitive—nervous temperament, can trace the whole difficulty to early mismanagement ; when his constitution might have been rendered firm and vigorous, and his nerves have had the strength of iron.

There is my friend Tom Longley, than whom a better fellow does not live—a kind father—a firm friend. He has given his children every advantage that money could afford ; no father could be more solicitous for their welfare, and yet they will have reason to curse him as long as they live. *They*, did I say ? Alas, they are not all here. Tom—John—Lucy—Ellen, all have gone. They had no particular disease, but pined away—sickened and died. Like plants of a hot-house growth, they could not endure the blasts of heaven. They were flowers of the morning, and faded away ere the sun reached his meridian. The grief-stricken father, as he followed them to the grave, wondered what fatality could attend his children ; and almost in murmured at the inscrutable decrees of Providence, which should thus deprive him of one half of his lovely flock. The rest will follow soon. The mark is upon them—

'Yellow disease sits caverned in their hollow eye.'

The pale, sickly cast of death is there, and they are not long for this world.

Tom will never mistrust the true reason of his affliction. Thank heaven ; for that knowledge, I know, would kill him.

I have spoken of the effects of mistaken kindness on the physical system ; but there is another view which is still more affecting—its effects on the moral system. Most parents have the same tender regard for the moral system of their children, as those mentioned above, have for the physical ; and too many show it in the same way. They think to cheat human nature out of its essential elements—they would blind themselves to innate evils, by covering them up ; thus, they educate their offspring in religious seclusion and monkish austerity, for they are determined that they shall never know evil, and thus never sin.

It is no matter how strictly our morals are guarded in youth—no matter how often we are taught the great maxims of truth from the Book of Books —no matter how constantly the goods and truths of the Word are enforced on the mind. Nay, such instruction may be our salvation in after life ; it may be the reed to sustain us, when every thing else seems swept away by the flood of temptation and sin around. The simple prayer we have learned when kneeling by our mother's side, may save us, when there is no other ark to which we can flee. But these truths are taught us for *use* ; we must see their application, or else we shall not treasure them up. Religion does not flourish in monkish seclusion—it cannot enter to that spirit which is imprisoned by its own selfishness. It is a living—an active principle, and teaches us what we are to do in the world ; but if we can never *enter* the world, how can we be taught ? Besides, in passing through life we must become acquainted with the evils of the world ; why should we not be permitted to see them gradually, and not be thrown into their midst at once. How can the plant flourish unless it is exposed, and how can it receive the pure air of heaven and not be touched by noxious vapors which may be mingled with it.

It is often said, that ignorance of the world is evidence of innocence. Innocence ! talk of it to the mariner, who has ventured to sea entirely ignorant of its nature—without chart or compass—with no knowledge of his course and no means of guarding against the perils of the deep. How soon will he be lost in the eddies and quicksands, or wrecked on some distant and unknown shore ! And yet, how often are the young kept in entire ignorance of the great ocean of human life, which they must soon navigate ! How often are they kept from venturing out by degrees, in order to learn something of its nature, till at length they are compelled to launch with a more important freight than a mere human ship has ever carried ! How many, who have been thus kept with unnecessary severity, are giddy at the thoughts of freedom, and find it next to impossible to restrain those passions which have been shut up so long ! How many consider their manumission a period when they may give loose to every desire ! and how many, when the chain was loosed, have been hurried onward, till the passions have obtained the mastery, and they have died the most miserable of earth's children —the wretched victims of *mistaken kindness* !

III.

It may be true that absence of evil is proof presumptive of the presence of virtue, but it is no less true, that a person may be remarkable for no striking moral obliquities and be a very great dunce after all. Negative quantities in society, as in mathematics, are of a deteriorating quality. Many people have no positive character at all. This were well enough, did they not flatter themselves on this very account. They, forsooth, do not err in the weightier matters of the law, and for the very good reason, that their natural propensities do not lead them to the commission of shocking immoralities. They make no trouble in the world, because men scarcely know of their existence. They never do wrong, because they never do anything. They are never hurried away by the violence of temper, for they can never get excited. In short, there is nothing in them, and how can nothing do injury? I speak after the manner of the world.

But let not such people take too much credit to themselves. Their state may be good in appearance only. It is very true, that we must cease to do evil *before* we can learn to do good; and he who, on his dying bed can say that he has done no harm in the world, may be sure that he has done a great deal of good. But why claim to ourselves what does not belong to us? How shall we reap where we have not sown? How shall we take praise to ourselves for good qualities, when we have never been troubled with their opposites? How dare we feel puffed up for a naturally benevolent disposition, when we have derived it from our ancestors? No; no; let not those, who are not naturally inclined to commit monstrous immoralities, take praise to themselves on that account. Let them remember that the most ferocious animals, under certain circumstances, are mild and peaceable; and it may be, that the pent up passions in their bosoms may not show themselves to the world; but in other states of existence they will certainly make themselves known. Better, a thousand times better, that our evils should come out into acts that we may see, and put them off, than that they should remain so quiet as to cheat us into a belief that they do not exist. And yet, nothing is more common than to load with praises those, whose characters are made up of negatives. We see it in education—we read it in books—it is perceptible all around us.

It is remarkable of books now-a-days, that they are not true to nature. Characters are described, such as we do not find in the world. They are naturally perfect, faultless; and we not only doubt their reality, but are disgusted at the taste of those who created them. Who would ever think of falling in love with the heroine of '*Coelebs in search of a Wife?*' When that sage old maid, Miss More, undertook to make the perfect pattern for a wife, she sadly overshot the mark. Her Miss Stanley is altogether too perfect! She sits—walks, stands by rule. She blushes at the exact time, and weeps when it is most becoming. Such beings we do not meet in the world; and if we did, we should not recognize them as our own species. A stick of wood would be as agreeable a companion, as a woman whose every act, thought and look is regulated by the cold dictates of human pru-

dence. Fielding did not thus write. He did not thus distort his characters so as we should not know them. Where can there be found a more perfect woman than Amelia? How mild, how gentle, how forgiving! It is said that Fielding's own wife sat for the picture, and how exquisitely did he finish it! Yet he did not forget her faults;—he tells all, and lets us see that she is a woman as well as an angel! Who can read Amelia and not rise from it a wiser and a better man!

I V.

There are two books which I will mention, though they have never been generally admired, and have fallen from the press comparatively unnoticed and unknown. They are a little German Tale by the *Baron la Motte Foque*, and '*The Three Histories*,' by Miss Jewsbury. Nothing can serve to set out in such bold relief the state of the reading public, as the little notice taken of these works. On this score I claim no exception; for the first one became known to me by sheer accident. I saw it in a bookseller's shop, and on asking the price, he observed that he should like to sell some score of them, as they were useless trash to him. I unwittingly became possessed of a treasure. Gentle reader! if you would read a short story, full of interest; one whose every page is replete with the rich lore which comes only from a highly cultivated mind; if you would read a book extremely simple, yet most admirably conceived; one which is exquisitely tender and true to nature, make yourself acquainted, without any delay, with '*Undine, or the Water-Spirit*.' And if you are unable to find one among the cast off trash in some bookseller's garret, come to me and receive one of the twelve, which I rescued from the same place. You shall be welcome, and if you do not rise from the perusal a wiser and a better man, you are not made of the same materials as myself.

As for Miss Jewsbury's work, it may be more known than the other, but I fear me it is no better appreciated. It is not calculated to be popular for many reasons, and then the truths inculcated are not palatable to human pride. Yet, it may well be doubted if there be a book of modern days, which is more intensely interesting, or which evinces deeper knowledge of the human heart. No where are the miserable consequences of wishing to get out of our true station, more eloquently depicted; no where is the shallow and unsubstantial nature of fame more truly set forth; and no where is the unhappiness resulting from mere human pride and selfishness, more truly painted. The last chapter in the '*History of an Enthusiast*' is enough to make the heart ache; for it presents in truest colors the forlorn and desolate state of a woman, whose every affection has been chilled with worldliness—whose best sympathies have been strangled in the bony gripe of selfish pursuits—whose best days have been spent in the chase of earthly fame, and whose heart is broken, though she stand at the wished-for summit and is envied by the whole world.

We often read of men, who have worshipped the God of this world till their better feelings become steeped in gall; men who have chased the phantom ambition, till they have become convinced, in sorrow and disap-

pointment, of its unsubstantial nature. But when we read of a *woman*, who has thus sacrificed her happiness; who has put away from her every appearance of social sympathy, and has sprung into the arena to contend with the noisy multitude for the prize; and who, when she has attained her object, dies of a broken heart; we are irresistibly convinced of the wisdom of the command, to lay up treasures in a world, where 'moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.'

THE PIRATE'S BOAT GLEE.

Off and away ! boys,
Gone is the day ! boys,
Merrily, merrily, mount o'er the wave ;
Fleet be our flight, boys,
Ere the morn's light, boys,
Bring with its brightness new perils to brave.
Near us the slumbering dastards are dreaming,
Glide o'er the billow with echoless tread,
O ! may wild visions with victory teeming,
Deepen their sleep till the night cloud be fled !
Row, row away, boys,
Dread was the fray, boys,
Merrily, merrily bound o'er the waves !
What though we fly, boys,
Dauntless we'd die, boys,
Sheltering our red flag, and grasping our glaives—
Wide is our home, boys,
Freely we roam, boys.
Merrily, merrily, o'er the dark sea—
Brief though our life, boys,
With peril rife, boys,
O ! it has wildness, and rapture and glee !
Shining and bright, lies our far sunny islet,
Beauteous and beaming the eyes that are there—
Love is our watchword, our hopes, and our pilot,
Light of our life, nightly theme of our prayer !
Row, row away, boys,
Like their light spray, boys,
Merrily, merrily dash o'er the wave ;
See yonder gleam ! boys,
'Tis the morn's beam, boys,
Fly ! comrades, fly, or the billow's our grave !

A LIFE OF PLEASURE INCONSISTENT WITH GREAT ATTAINMENTS.

In examining the history and character of mankind as displayed in daily observation, we behold in them a strange diversity of interests—a mighty rush in different directions to attain the same end. We see many applying themselves with great assiduity to the means necessary for preparing them to exert an enlightening influence upon their fellow men. Some, with the implements of husbandry, are upturning the tenacious furrow, and making the rough face of nature smooth as the surface of the cerulean deep; while others, with the weapons of warfare, are spreading far and wide, devastation, carnage, and blood. Some with a miser's hand, are devising plans for treasuring up wealth, which at best can but supply them with a competent subsistence, while we see others using their means and devoting their labors in diffusing the arts of peace and civilization, taking measures for ameliorating the condition of society in those portions of the globe now shrouded by moral and intellectual darkness.

But an opinion has gone abroad among the less informed and unreflecting part of the community, that those, who

‘With patient and laborious toil,
Consume o'er books the midnight oil,’

are continually enjoying the most enviable pleasures the ease and luxuries of life can afford. Having imbibed this notion, many have endeavored to force their way up the difficult steep to literary fame, and, at the same time to carry with them all the exquisite delights of life and revel in the lap of luxury. Such have both thought and reasoned incorrectly. They have erred greatly in supposing themselves peculiarly designed by the Author of their being for enjoying all the honors and comforts, time and fortune can bestow. Nothing is more true than ‘*non omnes omnia possunt.*’ Nature in her endowments is not apt to be regardless of price and consequences. The great Author of all our inestimable qualities has ever critically regarded a general equality in their distribution. One may be possessed of great power as a General, while he is deficient in wisdom necessary to conduct private councils. On one may be entailed a fortune ample for his present enjoyment of all life's pleasures, while fate may have bestowed upon him but moderate and feeble powers of mind. One may be endowed with great natural abilities, and possess strong perseverance, while ruthless penury is ever drawing his feet into inextricable ‘Sloughs of Despond.’ An appeal to facts will establish the principles for which we are now contending.

In examining the course of those who have had their names enrolled in the niche of fame, we shall find that they have not regarded the pleasures of life with an eye of much desire. If Franklin had expended all his earnings in order to have kept pace with the *beau monde*, he never would have been able, Titan-like, to have evolved these gigantic thoughts which brought into

subjection the very lightnings, and called them to the earth. If Howard had regarded his own pleasure and ease, he never would have visited the dungeons and cells of suffering men, and employed his treasures and labors in their behalf. But he might have spent his days in splendor, and have gone down to the grave unhonored and unsung. If he, who is among the stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of France, had spent his time in morbid luxury, he never could have had his name inscribed on the escutcheon of immortal glory. If Washington, though crowned with the imperishable renown of military achievements, had been wanting in virtue and integrity, he never could have called forth the universal responses of unqualified praise from men of every grade and condition.

If the aspiring person has a thirst for knowledge and high attainments, he must use every exertion. He cannot expect, at the same, to participate in all the felicitous pleasures of life. While he enjoys, as he should enjoy, the sweets of intellectual exercise, let others, if they choose, enjoy the pleasures of sense, and in the hilarity of fashionable pride,

‘Live while you live,’ the Epicure would say,
‘And grasp the pleasures of the present day ;
But while you live, the sacred truth replies,
To study give each moment as it flies.’

Those only who have closely applied themselves and laboriously toiled up the steep of Parnassus, are permitted to drink at the sacred fount of Castalia. It remains with the rising youth of our country themselves, to say whether they will go up to stations of honor and usefulness, and be remembered with gratitude by those who shall come after them—or whether they will give an unnecessary check to their exertions, by yielding up to present gratification and pleasure. It remains with them to determine whether they will attain that fame which is connected with unyielding virtue and sterling integrity, and is bought by a benevolent self devotion to the public good, as the only renown which shall cheer the wane of life, and be rewarded by the love and veneration of future ages.

JUVENIS.

THE PHANTOM.

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

In phrenzy of delirious thought,
I saw the lovely sister,—mine,—
Whom angels on their bright wings caught
And carried where the sainted shine.

She died in youth—a sweet, sweet one,
The chill winds smote her cheek of bloom—
Or withered by too warm a sun,
She faded for an early tomb.

Upon a slope where wild vines grew,
 And rose-buds were their cups unclosing,
 She leaned,—to life a picture true,
 And seemed as though she were reposing.

She pushed aside her raven hair,
 To bathe her temples in the breeze,
 That leapt in very gladness there,
 And rushed in music through the trees.

I saw her snow-white arm extend
 In living beauty, and she drew
 A rose that did sweet odors send—
 To snuff its fragrance as it grew.

With eagerness the stem she grasped,
 But quick away the flower she flung,
 And when her lily hand unclasped,
 A cruel thorn its palm had stung.

The crimson life-stream from the wound
 Gushed forth, and fast the bright tears came,
 And as they fell upon the ground,
 I heard her well known voice exclaim—

‘ With me it ever thus hath been,
 My friendships, like this cruel flower,
 Have all had thorns, which ere I ’ve seen,
 Have stung me with their scorpion power.’

I knew that dear one had been dead
 For years, and in delirium knew—
 My hand had from her sinking head
 Wiped away death’s chilling dew.

But there she leaned, perfect as life,
 And lovely as her prime she seemed
 I could not doubt—I saw her grief—
 The wound—the blood—I thought I dreamed.

But then her voice came on my ears,
 I heard her woe—and Oh, the pain—
 ‘T was like the sound of other years,
 That came upon my heart again.

To clasp her in my arms I flew,
 And hail her welcome to my heart;
 The phantom faded from my view,
 And monsters from the slope did start.

O, dear delusion, wrap once more
 My senses in thy living dream—
 How soon I’d die to live it o’er—
 That moment of my joy supreme.

Thou lovely eidolon again
 To me in all thy charms appear ;
 'T will palliate delirium's pain,
 To see thy form so plainly near.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LAFITTE: THE PIRATE OF THE GULF. *By the author of the 'South-West.'* 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have read this new work of our talented Ingraham with deep interest and pleasure. Those who are conversant with the history of the last war with Great Britain, will recollect the daring and generous outlaw, Lafitte, who for a long time committed his piratical depredations unmolested in the Mexican Gulf. It has been remarked that the romance of real life surpasses that of fiction, and Lafitte is a strong argument in its favor. Our author has seized upon the leading traits in this singular man's life, and woven them with a woof of fiction into an historical romance. We repeat it, that it is one of deep interest, but, we must confess, there parts of it which, we think, are not creditable to the taste and judgment of the author. The hero of the work is represented—very naturally—as having become what he was by the force of untoward circumstances. But the principal 'lever in springing the slumbering mine of passions' in the high-souled Achille, we think a very *un-natural* and improbable one. We refer to the unpaternal conduct of his father towards him—for which we see no reason—and the love and partiality manifested for his brother. It is a principle of human nature to sympathize with the oppressed, and this circumstance involuntarily enlists all our prejudices in the outset in favor of the future outlaw. We cannot, therefore, look upon his crimes with that abhorrence which they merit, Pope's couplet to the contrary notwithstanding, that

'Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
 As to be hated needs but to be seen.'

But when we see virtue and vice so indiscriminately blended, as is too often the case in the fashionable novels of the present day, we are too apt to look with complacency,—to say the least—upon the vices of their heroes for the sake of their virtues. Would it not be more proper, having in your 'mind's eye' such novels, to say

'Vice is an angel of such lovely mien,
 As to be worshipped needs but to be seen.'

But we are digressing. We merely wished to point out what we think the principal fault of the work. There are some things in the descriptive portions of it which we conceive to be in bad taste, a straining after poetical imagery and effect. We do not like to hear so often about 'upturned eyes,' 'out rolled' and 'outspread lawns,' 'taper fingers,' 'fringed lids,' 'clustering curls,' 'harp-like,' and 'deep, mellow-toned voices.' They are stale expressions, and recal to our mind some of the first novels we ever read, of which all these, with a proper accompaniment of swoons, faintings, with low, indistinct murmuring

of the *human voice divine*, etc. etc. formed the greater portion. The love-scenes between Count D'Orsay and Constanza are altogether *too sweet*, and she is a little too selfish for one so perfect in other respects, particularly in the closing scene of the work. After she had been so nobly treated by the buccaneer, we think in his dying moments and with her name on his lips, she should at least have betrayed a consciousness of his presence.

Having noticed these faults, we will now proceed to a more grateful task—to point out the beauties abounding throughout the work. We assure the reader that they far exceed the faults. Our author has shown himself to be a shrewd observer of his fellow men, and to have a deep insight to the human mind. He has strikingly portrayed the mysterious workings of a noble and generous, yet perverted spirit, swayed alternately by good and bad impulses, which is ultimately redeemed by the wonder-working power of *love*, that not only ‘rules the court, the camp, the grove,’ but even the cruiser of the buccaneer. To show his power, we will quote a scene in the rendezvous of the pirate in the island of St. Domingo. Constanza, the Spanish maiden, had, by a strange fatality, after being once liberated by our hero, fallen a second time into his power. After describing a fierce contest between the buccaneer and a cruiser at the entrance of the pirate's strong hold, he proceeds,—

‘ Lafitte gazed upon the scene around him with a bitter smile.

‘ “ And this,” he said, with a clouded brow, after standing awhile in silence, “ this is my abode ! the outlaw's home !—this my domestic hearth—this my social board—for the plaudits of such as I command—for the boast of a beast like this slave ! Is it for this I live ! alas, I have lived in vain ! all, all in vain !” and he paced the cave with an agitated step, while hatred for his present life, aspirations for an honorable career, and love for the Castilian maiden, filled his mind with conflicting emotions.

‘ “ She is in my power once more,” he hoarsely whispered; “ have I not made sufficient sacrifices in letting her once depart ! Is my passion again to be immolated upon the altar of self-denial ! Yet I may not use the power I possess. I love her—and only to honorable love shall she be sued ! But will she listen !—Listen !—am I mad—listen with her hand upon the brow, and kneeling beside the couch of her betrothed husband ! Success is now doubly walled up against me. But if he die !—ay, if he die !—as he may—as he must !” he added with a ringing voice, and starting at the guilty thoughts which stir'd his bosom ; but suddenly checking himself, he continued, in a lower tone—“ No, no, no !—I am sick of crime !—back, back, tempter—I will win her fairly. Am I indeed so base as to wish this maiden ill—to think of destroying so much happiness, when I can make it bliss ! If he should not live—then ! then, perhaps !—but no—oh, God, no !—have I not stricken the blow—and will she place her hand in his, red with her lover's blood ? Will she give her bosom to be healed by him who broke it ? But time, perhaps, may mitigate and veil over the bitter memory of the past—and then,” and his step became more elastic, and his brow clear as he spoke, but as suddenly changed again. “ Alas ! there is no hope for me !—she never—never can love me !—her spirit is too pure to mingle with mine. It is in vain for me to hope—yet I must love her—love her—forever ! But I will school myself to think of her without passion—to worship her as a lovely incarnation of the Virgin !”

‘ For an hour he paced the grotto, struggling with his passion, which, one moment gaining the ascendancy, filled his mind with dark and guilty purposes ; but immediately yielding to the dictates of honor, and the native generosity of his character, he would picture forth scenes of happiness for her and her lover in the vista of the future. His step was irregular, his features worked convulsively, his brow was bent with the violence of the struggle.

‘ “ I will—I will !” he at length said, suddenly stopping. “ She shall respect if she cannot love me—only with gratitude shall she remember Lafitte ! They shall both be free, and this very day will I take them to Port-au-Prince. If I cannot make my own happiness, I will not mar theirs—nay, I will make it—I will teach my passion this step ;” and his voice became calmer as he spoke. “ As I now feel,” he continued, “ I think I could place her hand within his, and bid Heaven bless them. Yes, then I could seek an early death on the battle-field, or in the seclusion of a monastery atone for my past life by peauance and prayer.

Penance and prayer !” he repeated with an altered voice, while a disdainful expression dwelt upon his lip, as though he had given utterance to thoughts of which he became at once ashamed. “ Yes—beads and rosaries! genuflexions and ablutions, fasts and confessions! cowl and gown! truly these would well become me! Yet, for all that, it may be to what my coward heart will drive me. Nevertheless, this lady shall go free, whatever small be my future fate.”

He then threw himself upon one of the rude couches, and bringing the butt of his pistols round to the ready grasp of his hand, he sought in the oblivion of sleep to forget himself.

This extract is by no means superior to many others which we could make, for we took it at random. His delineations of Irish, Dutch, and negro character are faithful, and amusing in the extreme.

With one more extract, we will take leave of ‘ Lafitte.’ It is a just and beautiful tribute to the character of the persecuted Indian. Lafitte was on his return from one of the bayous of the Mississippi to Barritaria, after having proffered his services for the defence of his country.

“ If I was superstitious,” said Theodore, as emerging from the trees near the margin of the bayou, they came in full view of the largest mound, “ I should believe that the sun—which it is said the Indians worshipped—in reproof of our unbelief of his divinity, and detestation to the truth of their religion, had kindled a flame upon the summit of the Temple.”

Lafitte looked up, and saw that an appearance like fire rested upon the top—the reflection of a lingering, light red sunbeam shot from the lurid sun, then angrily disappearing in the west.

“ There is poetry, if not truth, in your language, Theodore !” replied the chief, his spirit softened by the mild influence of the hour. “ How beautiful the theory of their religion! Worshippers of that element which is the purifier of all things! Next to the invisible God,—whom they know not—in their child-like ignorance, and with the touching poetry, which seems to have been the soul of the simple Indian nature, they sought out that, alone, of all His works, which most gloriously manifested Himself to his created intelligences. They bowed their faces to the earth, at his rising and setting, and worshipped the bright sun, as their Creator, Preserver, and God! Author of light and heat, of times and seasons—visible, yet unapproachable!—What more appropriate object could they have chosen as the corner stone upon which to raise a superstructure of natural religion? For it is our nature, Theodore to be religious! All men, and all races of men, have always been worshippers, either of truth or falsehood! Does not this choice alone prove, that, if heathens, they approached nearer to true religion in their worship, than all other nations ignorant of divine revelation? Does it not show the dignity and refinement of the Indian mind—the poetry of his heart—the purity of his imagination? On their altars burned a perpetual fire! What a beautiful representation of their divinity! How beautiful is this pure emblem above the stocks and stones of the civilized idolators of old Greece and Rome! How ethereal and elevated the conceptions of such a people! Yet we call them barbarians—savages—brutes! If they are brutes, we have made them so. The vices of the Europeans, like a moral leprosy, have diseased their minds, and blackened their hearts! If they are degraded, we have debased them! If they are polluted, we have laid our hand upon them!—Ha!” he said quickly, Yonder sunbeam glows on that bush like fire. It is a flame, indeed! Your idea, my Theodore, was very beautiful! But were it not better and more in unison with our fortunes, my boy! to regard it as a beacon, lighting us to fame; a bright omen of good!—Go up the mound, and see if you can discover any thing moving in either bayou. I shall give the men an hour’s rest, and then start again.”

He stopped on a small mound they had just ascended; and leaning against a cypress tree, crowning its summit, he soon became wrapped in reflections upon the presented crisis of his life and the probable issue of his plans.

SHEPPARD LEE. Written by himself. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

As the title of this work indicates, it professes to contain the author’s adventures, or rather certain metamorphoses which he at various times underwent. Who the veritable Sheppard Lee is, we are not told, or who the author is. It has been ascribed to the author of ‘ *Horse Shoe Robinson*,’ but its source has not

yet been satisfactorily ascertained. ‘Written by himself!’ how unsatisfactory! It has set the ‘universal Yankee nation’ to guessing. Whoever the author may be, he certainly holds a ready pen. There is a freshness about his book seldom met with, and full of humor. His sarcasm, wherever he directs it, cuts deep and with no very sparing hand, though it is not tinctured with aught of malignity.

We cannot go through with all the changes which happened to him, and can merely extract his first and last. The first, into a wealthy brewer of Philadelphia from a state of penury, is attended with some trouble. He says,

‘I had managed, somehow or other, in the course of the night, to stump my toe, or wrench my foot; and though the accident caused me but little inconvenience at the time, the member had begun gradually to feel uneasy; and now, as I sat at my table, it grew so painful that I was forced to draw off my boot. But this giving me little relief, and finding that my foot was swollen out of all shape and beauty, my brother Tim pronounced it a very severe strain, and recommended that I should call my family physician, Dr. Boneset, a very illustrious man, and a fine fellow, who at that moment chanced to drive by in a coal-black gig, which looked, as physician’s gigs usually look, as if in mourning for a thousand departed patients.

“What’s the matter?” said the doctor.

“Why, doctor,” said I, “I have given my foot a confounded wrench; I scarce know how; but it is as big and as hot as a plum-pudding.”

“Hum, ay!—very unlucky,” said the doctor: “off with your stocking, and let me look at your tongue. Pulse quite feverish. Fine port!” he said, crinkling off a glass that Tim had poured him, and cocking his eye like one who means to be witty, “fine port, sir; but one can’t float in it for ever without paying port-charges. A very gentlemanly disease, at all events. It lies between port and porter.”

“Port and porter! diseased!” said I, slipping off my stocking as he directed, without well knowing what he meant. My foot was as red as a salamander, swelled beyond expression, and, while I drew off the stocking, hurt me most horribly.

“Zounds, doctor,” said I, “can that be a wrench?”

“No,” said the doctor, “it’s the wrencher—genuine *podagra*, ‘pon honor.”

“Podagra!” said I; “Podagra!” said Tim; and “Podagra!” said the others. “What’s that?”

“Gout,” said the doctor.

“Gout!” cried my friends; “Gout!” roared my brother Tim; and “Gout!” yelled I, starting from the doctor as if from an imp of darkness who had just come to lay claim to me. It was the unluckiest leap in the world; I kicked over a chair as I started, and the touch was as if I had clapped my foot into the jaws of a roaring lion. Crunch went every bone; crack went every sinew; and such a yell as I set up was never before heard in Chesnut-street.

“You see, gentlemen—(I’ll take another glass of that Port, Mr. Doolittle)—you see what we must all come to! This is one of the small penalties one must pay for being a gentleman; when one dances, one must pay the piper. Now would my friend Higginson there give a whole year of his best brewing that all the pale ale and purple port that have passed his lips had been nothing better than elder wine and bonny-clabber. But never mind, my dear sir,” said the son of Æsculapius, with a coolness that shocked me; “as long as it is only in your foot, it’s a small matter.”

“A small matter!”—I grinned at him; but the unfeeling wretch only repeated his words—“A small matter!”

I had never been sick before in my life. As John H. Higginson, my worst complaints had been only an occasional surfit, or a moderate attack of booziness; and as Sheppard Lee, I had never known any disease except laziness, which being chronic, I had grown so accustomed to that it never troubled me. But now, ah, now! my first step into the world of enjoyment was to be made on red-hot ploughshares and pokers; my first hour of a life of content was to be passed in grinning and groaning, and—but is hardly worth while to say it. The gout should be confined to religious people; for men of the world *will* swear, and that roundly.

‘For six days—six mortal days—did I lay on my back, enduring such horrible twitches and twinges in my foot, that I was more than once on the point of ordering the doctor to cut it off; and I do not know how far that conceit might have gone, had not the heartless fellow, who, I believe was all the while making

game of my torments, assured me that the only affect of the dismemberment would be to drive the enemy into the other foot, where it would play the same tricks over again. "The gout," said he, "has as great an affection for the human body as a cat has for a house where she is well treated. When it once gets a lodgment, it feels itself comfortable—"

"Comfortable!" said I, with a groan.

"In good easy quarters—"

"Do n't talk to me of *easy* quarters," said I; "for if I were hacked into quarters, and that by the clumsiest butcher in town, I could not be more uneasy in every quarter."

"I am talking," said Dr. Boneset, "not of you, but of the disease; and what I meant to say was, that when it once finds itself at home, in a good wholesome corporation of a man, there you may expect to find it a tenant for life."

"For life!" said I. "I am the most wretched man in existence. Oh, Sheppard Lee! Sheppard Lee! what a fool you were to think yourself miserable!—Doctor, I shall go mad!"

"Not while you have the gout," said he; "'tis a sovereign protection against all that. But let us look at your foot." And the awkward or malicious creature managed to drop a tortoise and gold snuff-box, of about a pound and a half weight, which he always sported, right upon the point of my great toe, while he was looking at it. Had it been a ton and a half instead of a pound and a half in weight, it could not have thrown me into greater torture; and the—the man!—he thought he had settled the matter by making me a handsome apology! He left me to endure the pangs, and to curse Squire Higginson's father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and in general all his forefathers, who had entailed such susceptible great toes upon the family, in a word, I was in such a horrible quandary, that I wished the devil would fly away with my new body, as he had done before with the old.'

Our author, at last, finds his *corpus delicti* in a museum stuffed, and set up for exhibition. He thus announces the discovery.

'Having thus completed his lecture, or oration, of which I must confess I had begun to grow tired, the German doctor suddenly stepped to a great round box, like a watchman's box, that stood at the further end of the room, and unlocking the folding leaves of which it was composed, swung them round with a jerk, exhibiting an inner case, evidently of glass, but entirely covered over with a thick curtain. This he proceeded to remove, by tugging at a string which hoisted it to the ceiling; and as it ascended there was disclosed to the eyes of the wondering spectators a human figure within the case, clad loosely in a sort of Roman garment, and for all the world looking entirely like a living being, except that the eyes were fixed in a set unnatural stare, and the attitude was a little stiff and awkward.

A murmur, with twenty or more faint shrieks from the females present, attested the admiration with which the spectators caught sight of this wonderful triumph of skill and science; but I—heavens and earth! what were *my* feelings, what was *my* astonishment, when I beheld in that lifeless mummy my own lost body! the mortal tenement in which I had first drawn the breath, and experienced the woes, of life! the body of Sheppard Lee the Jerseyman! This, then, was its fate—not to be anatomized and degraded in a skeleton, as the vile Samuel the kidnapper had told me, but converted into a mummy by a new process, for the especial benefit of science and the world; and Dr. Feuerteufel, the man for whom I had always cherished an instinctive dislike and horror, was the worthy personage who had stolen it, what time I had myself interrupted his designs upon the body of the farmer's boy, in the old graveyard near the Owlroost!

'I looked upon my face—that is, the face of the mummy—and a thousand recollections of my original home and condition burst upon my mind; the tears started into my eyes with them. What had I gained by forsaking the lot to which Providence had assigned me? In a moment, the woes of Higginson, of Dawkins, Skinner, Longstraw, Tom the slave, and Megrime the dyspeptic, rushed over my memory, contrasted with those lesser ones of Sheppard Lee, which I had so falsely considered as rendering me the most miserable man in the world.

'What other notions may have crowded my brain, what feelings may have entered my bosom, I am now unable to describe. The sight of my body thus restored to me, and in the midst of my sorrow and affliction, inviting me, as it were, back to my proper home, threw me into an indescribable ferment. I stretched out my arms, I uttered a cry, and then rushing forward, to the astonishment of all present, I struck my foot against the glass case with a fury that

shivered it to atoms—or, at least, the portion of it serving as a door, which, being dislodged by the violence of the blow, fell upon the floor and was dashed to pieces. The next instant, disregarding the cries of surprise and fear which the act occasioned, I seized upon the cold and rigid hand of the mummy, murmuring, “Let me live again in my body, and never—no! never more in another’s!”

‘Happiness of happiness; although, while I uttered the words, a boding fear was on my mind, lest the long period the body had lain inanimate, and more especially the mummifying process to which it had been subjected, might have rendered it unfit for further habitation, I had scarce breathed the wish before I found myself in that very body, descending from the box which had so long been its prison, and stepping over the mortal frame of Mr. Arthur Megrime, now lying dead on the floor.

‘Indescribable was the terror produced among the spectators by this double catastrophe—the death of their townsman, and the revival of the mummy. The women fell down in fits, and the men took to their heels; and a little boy, who was frightened into a paroxysm of devotion, dropped on his knees, and began fervently to exclaim,

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

‘In short, the agitation was truly inexpressible, and fear distracted all. But on no countenance was this passion (mingled with a due degree of amazement) more strikingly depicted than on that of the German doctor, who, thus compelled to witness the object of a thousand cares, the greatest and most perfect result of his wonderful discovery, slipping off its pedestal and out of his hands, as by a stroke of enchantment, stared upon me with eyes, nose, and mouth, speechless, rooted to the floor, and apparently converted into a mummy himself. As I stepped past him, however, hurrying to the door, with a vague idea that the sooner I reached it the better, his lips were unlocked, and his feelings found vent in a horrible exclamation—“*Der tyfel!*” which I believe means the devil—“*Der tyfel!* I have empalm him too well!”

‘Then making a dart at me, he cried, in tones of distraction, “Stop my mummy! mine gott! which has cost me so much expense!—stop my mummy!”

‘I saw that he designed seizing me, and being myself as much overcome with fear as the others, I made a bolt for the door, knocking down my friend Tibbikens and half a dozen other retreating spectators as I left it, darted into the air, and in a moment was flying out of the village on the wings of the wind.

I had a double cause for terror; for, first, before I had got twenty steps from the exhibition-room (for my Roman garments were in the way of my legs, and I did not run so fast as I managed to do afterwards,) I heard certain furious voices cry from the room—“It is all a cheat! the mummy was a living man! let us Lynch him and the doctor!” and, secondly, I could also hear, close at my heels, the voice of the doctor himself, who had escaped close behind me, eagerly vociferating, “Stop my mummy, and I will pay twenty dollars! stop my mummy!”—by both which noises it was made apparent that I was in danger of being Lynched, or subjected to a second process of mummification.

‘Nerved therefore by my fears, I gathered the skirts of my toga about my arms, and fled with all my might, blessing my stars that I had at last recovered that mortal tenement, which, with all its troubles, I was now convinced was the best for my purposes in the whole world.

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